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THE NEW FRENCH MAP OF PACIFIED EUROPE.

ALMOST simultaneously with the letter of the Emperor to M. de Persigny, a new map of Europe was published in Paris. The wide circulation which this map has already attained, and the effect it is calculated to produce in the French rural districts, renders it worthy of notice rather as an indication of the restless desire to settle the affairs of Europe, which seems still to pervade the French mind, than as possessing in itself any high political significance. At the same time it is to be remembered that if it be not actually the programme contemplated by the Emperor, it is published with his sanction, and its dissemination is encouraged by the government *employés*. It is part of the same system which produces that constant issue of pamphlets designed to prepare public opinion, by its vague shadowing forth, for the full development of a matured policy. By thus constantly distracting the attention of the people of France from a contemplation of their grievances at home to the great changes which are to be worked upon the face of Europe through their own instrumentality abroad, the double object is achieved of securing internal tranquillity, and of paving the way to further aggression. It is certainly a striking evidence of the existence of this aggressive spirit in France, that in no other country in Europe are pamphlets and maps of this description issued—no other nation has ever assumed to itself the absolute right of settling the affairs of the civilized world; or had the hardihood to propose and publish the conditions under which the settlement is to take place. We are accused by our Gallic neighbours of wrongly suspecting them of schemes of territorial aggrandizement, and of imputing to them unjustly a perpetual desire to embroil Europe in wars from which they hope to obtain the largest share of the spoil; but we point to such a publication as this last map as a justification of these suspicions. It is impossible to imagine that the changes there contemplated could be accomplished without a war; while the advantages which they propose are altogether Utopian. Europe had remained in a state of profound tranquillity for forty years prior to the seizure of the French throne by its present occupant; since then it has already been disturbed by two serious wars, and publications are daily issuing from the Paris press involving more. In spite of this our public men are conjured to put away their absurd fears, and protestations continue to be made of the peaceful policy by which the French Government is animated.

We confess we regard these signs of the times as even more significant than the French armaments; we find that upon every occasion upon which the sword is to be used the pen prepares the way. In this instance it is the paint-brush, and the following modifications of the frontiers of the existing states of Europe are coolly and deliberately proposed for their consideration. It must not be supposed that these modifications are made at hap-hazard, and uncontrolled by any political principle. The author has a principle and a theory, though his application of both is somewhat vague. His principle is, *Justice*. This, he maintains, consists in not doing to others what you would not wish them to do to you. "As justice prohibits individuals from attempting the life, the liberty, or the property of their neighbours, so it exacts from nations who are moral individuals, that they should mutually respect their political unity, their independence, and their territorial possessions."

In pursuance of the principle of justice thus laid down, France, in the map before us, "respects the political unity" of Prussia by taking from her the Provinces of the Rhine; "the independence" of Italy

by depriving her of Liguria; and "the territorial possessions" of Belgium by absorbing them altogether. Thus enforcing the great principle of doing to others as you would they should do unto you, by two highway robberies and a murder.

Austria ceases to exist—that portion of it which is German being incorporated with Prussia and the smaller states into a German empire—Poland, Hungary, Servia, Bosnia, and the Principalities constituting a country to be called the Danubian Confederation. Turkey and Greece are to form a Christian kingdom to the south of the Balkhan, with the exception of a section surrounding Constantinople bearing the name of Marmora,—its capital to be the seat of the future European Congress. All the possessions of Great Britain in Europe are to be taken from her. Gibraltar, with Tangiers and Ceuta, are to form Atlanta—a neutralized territory; Malta is to be the seat of the international maritime force, under the supreme direction of the Congress, and always at its disposition; and Heligoland is to be neutralized. The Channel Islands, being difficult to deal with, are not marked in the map at all. Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark, are neutralized—the latter power, as being the key of the Baltic, has a portion of Sweden assigned to it; Palestine becomes the centre of the Christian faith, the seat of the Pope, and the focus of a religious propaganda. In other words, Maronites and Druses will change places in the matter of religious persecution. The Isthmus of Suez, with its canal, Syria and Egypt, are all to be neutralized, together with sundry towns and islands—among the latter Corfu,—and mouths of rivers, which it is needless to specify. In a word, the development of the principle of justice, in the French sense, is the annihilation of Austria, Belgium, and Turkey; the subtraction of territory from Russia, Germany, Sweden, and England; and the addition of territory to France, Greece, and Denmark. This arrangement, it is hoped, will ensure a permanent and substantial peace, the effect of which is to be a general disarmament, involving a pecuniary saving to Europe of two milliards of francs, and a precisely corresponding increase of production, which is also to amount exactly to two milliards of francs.

The principle being justice, and the theory nationality and natural limits, it is difficult to perceive by what right Corsica should remain French, or Genoa be annexed; in fact, as may be conceived, the whole scheme is in itself a direct contradiction in terms, and an absolute absurdity, except as viewed in the light of being a French production. To carry out such a scheme, all existing treaties must be regarded as so much waste paper; and it is the utter indifference to all treaty obligations which has characterized recent European diplomacy, that doubtless encourages the publication of these political "ideas." Nor can we consistently complain if measures are taken by the French Government substantially to develop them. Our own policy has recently been marked by such an entire want, both of principle and logic, that we are, to a certain extent, debarred from appealing to either in our opposition to the French programme, whatever it may be. We remained passive, and offered no remonstrance to that outrage to all international law involved by the intervention of France in the affairs of Northern Italy; we now agree to non-intervention in the South, while in defiance of the ninth article of the Treaty of Paris, by which none of the concessions then forced upon the Sultan were to open the door to foreign interference, we insist upon his submitting to the occupation of part of his territory by French troops.

At one moment it suits us to abandon the doctrine of non-intervention, at another to apply it. We are swayed by impulse



rather than by principle; by our sympathies with the abstract rather than by the sterner dictates of conscience; and we cannot object to a similar policy on the part of the Emperor of the French. The only difference is that his impulses are selfish, while ours, though they may be mistaken, are generous. His sympathies are for France; ours for liberty: but we both think that the end justifies the means, and that the sacred obligations incurred by treaties are to vanish before the special interests on which we have respectively placed our affections.

Sooner or later we shall be driven back to the old stand-point of moral right: but it will be with a bad grace. For we shall only be moral because it will become our interest to be so. We shall only become consistent when inconsistency is perilous to the safety of a portion of our dominion. To those who take a wider view of foreign politics than that which presents itself to the superficial observer, that moment has already arrived: the gradual extension of French influence upon the shores of the Mediterranean already threatens our possessions in that sea; the new map truly indicates the feeling of intense jealousy with which every Frenchman regards the occupation by England of Gibraltar and Malta; and there can be little doubt that it is in this quarter that our power will be first assailed. The subjugation to French influence of the Italian Peninsula and of Syria is the first step in this direction, speedily to be followed by a pacific occupation of Egypt for engineering purposes. When all the ports of the Mediterranean are at the disposal of a combined Russian and French fleet, we shall find the inconvenience of the policy of indecision and acquiescence which now characterizes our foreign diplomacy, and regret that we did not at an earlier period adopt measures to thwart those elaborate conceptions which a gentleman with a turn for international organization and arrangement has just favoured us with on sheets of painted paper, under the magniloquent and high-sounding title of "Europe Pacified."

DOES INDIA "PAY?"

OF all the political discoveries of the last few years the most astounding is, that India is of no value to England. But, though the belief is astounding, it is not unaccountable. India has been unfortunate; she has "had losses;" she is now in difficulties, and she wants money. The opprobrium of poverty is upon her. It is the common lot of common men, in such straits, to incur contumely. Small governments, like small persons, must not get into debt, and seek to borrow money. If they do, it is pretty sure to be discovered that they are worthless, and that they may be dropped. They who have made most use of a poor fellow in his day of prosperity are often the first to turn against him when he asks for a little help in the day of his need. And we are now practically applying these principles of ingratitude to the case of empires, by declaring that the Imperial Government has really no need of its Indian dependency, and can do just as well without it. "Perish, India," it is said, "rather than she should cost Great Britain a farthing!"

Ingratitude is always foolish and short-sighted. It is as much a blunder as a crime. In the first place, India cannot perish, unless it be submerged by the ocean. We may blot it out from the political map, but we cannot expunge it from the catalogue of nations. If we find the country does not pay, and withdraw ourselves from it, there are other great Powers at hand prepared to divide it between them. We are almost ashamed of ourselves for enunciating so obvious a truism, but India has been told so seriously and so solemnly to perish, that we are constrained to treat the possibility of such a phenomenon as a conviction firmly implanted in the minds of a certain school of politicians; and, therefore, to insist, *in limine*, on the fact that the primal question is not whether England shall or shall not be mistress of India, but whether England or some other European Power shall hold it. We cannot blow up India as a retreating army fires its magazines, or spike it, like an abandoned gun, lest it should become serviceable in the enemy's hands and be destructively employed against us.

But if we could, what then? There may be men who seriously believe that England in nowise owes her proud position in the "federation of the world" to her dominion over the great continent of India; there may be men, we say, who believe this, as there are children who believe that the moon is made of cheese. But the one faith is as pure a delusion as the other. It is a trick of our self-love to believe that the favour with which we are regarded by the world owes nothing to adventitious circumstances. We may persuade ourselves that our greatness is self-contained in "our tight little island;" and that no extraneous advantages can add anything to it. But other nations regard the matter with very different eyes. They would laugh out—if they heard our boasts—their unutterable appreciation of our self-complacency. India may not "pay" in pence, but she pays in prestige. The statesmen and the peoples of other countries think much of our colonial possessions; but still they do not envy us the possession of Australia; and we do not know that Canada or Vancouver are thorns in any of their sides. But they cannot bear to think of our Anglo-Indian empire; and they cannot withhold from us their respectful admiration so long as we possess it.

Let us inflate ourselves as we may, we must shrivel, in spite of all our efforts, into comparatively scanty dimensions, if once we be stripped of that magnificent appendage to our greatness.

Still, India, it may be said, does not pay; whatever may be its political advantages to us, the financial results appear to be doubtful. We gain nothing by it, it is alleged; and we may lose something by it, if the progress of coming bankruptcy be not forthwith arrested. If India be bankrupt, it is very true that England must eventually pay,—a sufficient reason, we should think, why we should endeavour to avert such a calamity by enabling the Indian Government to raise money at less ruinous rates of interest than those which, without an imperial guarantee, she is compelled to pay. But although our selfishness and short-sightedness, in this respect, doubtless increase the danger, we have no apprehension that England will ever be called upon to pay the debts of her Indian Empire. And it may be doubted whether India would not lose more than she would gain by accepting the security of the imperial Government; for if such security were given, Parliament would assume the right to interfere in the business of Indian administration, and nothing could more surely hasten the downfall of our Eastern Empire than such Parliamentary interference. But if a demand were to be made upon the national purse, we do not clearly see that the statesmen of England would have a right to complain.

Looking at the matter through no other medium than that of pure justice, we can hardly fail to discern the fact that England is largely a debtor to India. Immense sums of money have been paid from the Indian revenue, which ought strictly to have been charges on the imperial exchequer. If the fifteen millions sterling which were expended on the war in Afghanistan—a war made by English statesmen to avert disagreeable consequences nearer home—had been, in the summer of 1857, at the disposal of the Indian Government, with the accumulated interest of fifteen years added thereto, the amount would have gone a long way towards the payment of the extraordinary expenses incurred during the eventful period of the late Indian Rebellion. It is hard, indeed, to say how large a share of our national burdens *in esse* and *in posse* have been cast upon India by the adroitness of English statesmen.

Into the commercial bearings of the question we cannot enter at present. We have always been of opinion that the extent and importance of the market for British manufactures, which may be opened out in India, have been considerably exaggerated. We cannot persuade the people of India to put their legs into Nottingham stockings, or, notwithstanding the hopes held out by Mr. Wilson, to eat their dinners with Sheffield blades; but still there is scarcely a department of trade which does not benefit, more or less, by our occupancy of India; and it is scarcely possible to calculate the extent to which British capital may find profitable employment in that country, if we have only the enterprise and the confidence to embark it in new adventures. Of the wealth which may be derived from that country we have as yet scarcely had a glimpse. Meanwhile, however, it is no small item in the account of England's obligations to India, that she supplies fields of honourable and lucrative employment to so many members of the middle classes of England. Not only are thousands of our brethren, who otherwise would be choking up the avenues of professional advancement or swelling the disastrous tide of mercantile competition at home, acquiring fame and fortune in the East, but thousands more are spending in England large incomes, derived from the revenues of India: some enjoying the fruits of their own industry, and others in the second, third, or fourth generation, inheritors of wealth acquired by others. Nor is it only Indian money that has been brought home from the East, to contribute to the material greatness of the empire. Much besides has been brought home which has added largely to our moral grandeur and strength. "India," said the old soldier, in one of Bulwer's recent novels—"India is the nursery of captains." On fields of Eastern adventure such warriors as Wellington, and such statesmen as Metcalfe have laid broad and deep the foundations of that power to cope with great conjunctures which has afterwards been turned to such vast account for the benefit of our empire in the West. These are but some of the obligations which we owe to India, and yet it is said to be better that she should perish than that we should help her, in her need, to six-pence out of the national purse. Up to this time India has cost us nothing. It is not likely to cost us anything; but if we do not give her anything else, we may, at all events, do her justice.

AN UNREASONABLE STRIKE.

THE operative lace-makers of Nottingham have chosen to strike for an advance of wages;—another example of the ignorance of their own affairs which is so common among working-men. The spring was extremely unfavourable for most kinds of home trade. There was no fine weather, very little or no garden-stuffs to make the horticultural interest flush of cash, and there was less desire, less means, and less opportunity of wearing and showing off fine new clothing than in any spring within the recollection of milliners and dressmakers.

On the 4th of the present month—an important day for men in business who put their names to bills at one, two, or three months' date—there was, as a consequence of the disastrous spring, a greater number of bills not taken up than has been known for a long period. They were chiefly the bills of retail traders,—a proof that a check had been given to the prosperity of the classes in which a great number of the best customers of the Nottingham lace-makers are found. The lace trade has felt it, with several other trades, and within the last few weeks several failures have been announced, both at Nottingham and London, of persons connected with the trade. It might have been unsound—overdone—based on too much credit; but in the extremely unfavourable spring there lies a cause for a diminished demand for Nottingham lace wholly beyond the control of the masters, which must have lessened their power to employ and remunerate the men.

At the same time the demand from abroad has diminished. Few or no lace manufacturers, we apprehend, make any attempt to force the foreign market. If that were overdone last year, the authors of the mischief are merchants abroad, or merchants in Liverpool and London. This year the trade has declined. In the six months of 1860, for which we have the trade tables, the value of the lace and patent net exported has fallen off to £158,964, from £204,956, as compared to the six months of 1859, or 22 per cent. So haberdashery and millinery—of which lace forms a component part—has declined from £2,157,900, in 1859, to £1,855,416 in 1860, or 14 per cent. In this decline the exports to all countries have shared. Now, over the foreign consumption of millinery and lace, the master-manufacturers of Nottingham could have had no influence whatever. This decline in the demand of lace from abroad, however, which seems to have affected Belgium, where the lace-trade is depressed as well as in England, like the lessened demand at home, must have diminished the demand of the masters for the services of the men and the means of paying them wages. The demand for the produce of one art or manufacture depends on the success of other arts or manufactures. If these, from any cause, fail—such as an inclement spring, an ungenial summer, as in North America last year,—there must be a diminished demand for those things for which horticultural and agricultural produce pays. The produce of one species of labour is always paid for, in fact, by the produce of some other species of labour; and those who work for the market, as almost all men now do, find a greater or less demand for their produce, or are well or ill remunerated, as other labourers are successful or not. Thus, the demand for lace and other manufacturing products, with the remuneration of the manufacturers, depends on the variable results of agricultural labour. But these, in the two instances mentioned, have of late been short, and, unfortunately, at present our own harvest prospects are by no means favourable. The lace-makers have struck, therefore, for higher wages, when the demand for their produce and the means of buying it are diminished, and when there is no immediate prospect of the demand increasing. They could not have struck, as the *Nottingham Journal* says, at a worse time. There have been failures amongst the employers; prices and prospects at present are not likely to tempt capital into the trade; and the strike is an effectual means to keep it out. The misinformed and misguided men on strike, therefore, will not succeed. They will only waste the resources still in their possession, and a general appeal to other trades for support will only end in general waste, increasing general poverty.

It will be obvious that, our remarks applying only to facts, are not dictated by partizanship. We side, on such questions, neither with masters nor men—believing that both have a common interest, and both will prosper best by mutual goodwill, mutual kindness, mutual forbearance, and above all, by mutual knowledge of the facts which determine the condition of both. The vast expenditure this year on the means of national defence must have lessened the expenditure on other objects. Patriotism has diverted some of the usual payments from millinery and lace-making. The strike is unreasonable, not because the men should not aspire to be better paid—they ought so to aspire,—but because they are ignorant of the special facts which at present exercise a commanding influence over the trade. So we may say all strikes are unreasonable, from ignorance of the general facts which determine at all times the relations and condition of masters and men. We may even extend the inference, and affirm that men at all times and places only act unreasonably from ignorance of facts. What is meant by the phrase “acting unreasonably,” whether applied to operatives or master-manufacturers, or any class, is that they act ignorantly. They are ill-informed of the past; they form incorrect views of what will be the consequences of their actions. What the operatives immediately see, and immediately know—such as the continued attempt of the masters to make as much as they can by their business,—is only a very small part of all the circumstances, they ought to take into consideration before striking for more wages. What they do not see, and yet should endeavour to find out, is the power of the masters to employ them and pay them higher wages; and the circumstances which determine this, though not within their immediate ken, may, with a little care and diligence, be ascertained.

THE PASSPORT NUISANCE—A NEW TASK FOR MR. COBDEN.

WE avow ourselves of the number of those who believe that the Treaty of Commerce which Mr. Cobden has for months past been employed in negotiating with the French Government, will be better appreciated the more it is understood; and that it will ultimately prove the means of effecting a far more durable and beneficial alliance between the British and French people than any merely dynastic, personal, or military policy ever pursued by our rulers has yet effected—or ever can effect. Of course the professional diplomatists have had their little sneer at the unprofessional straightforwardness of one who was not trained in the crooked ways of diplomatic business, and who has gone direct to his purpose, just as he did in the agitation for the Repeal of the Corn Laws. But Mr. Cobden has, doubtless, been able to treat the disparagement of this class of critics with the indifference which it merits; convinced, as he must be, that the bulk of his countrymen approve of his conduct.

In his recently-published letter, he expresses his belief that in less than a couple of years all the English politicians (of both sides of the House) “will be eager enough to claim the merit of always having ‘‘been friendly to the French Treaty.’’ In this belief we share. We believe, also, that the details of the treaty are in good hands, while Mr. Cobden has charge of them—though we do not share his views in some other matters—or agree with him that there is, or has been, anything like Panic in this country, on the subject of a French invasion. We do not, however, intend to discuss that subject—and only allude to it thus incidentally in connection with Mr. Cobden's letter, in order to point out to that gentleman a means by which he may very greatly aid the growth of that good understanding between the British and the French people, which he has at heart, and which he has already done so much to encourage. If impediments to trade are bad, are not impediments to locomotion bad also? If hostile custom-houses are a nuisance to the merchant, is not a hostile *gendarmerie*, stopping the passenger, and demanding his passport, a personal nuisance far more aggravating?

The Emperor, as the world knows, is an enemy to the passport system. He has already publicly expressed his disapprobation of it. Three or four years ago he held out hopes that, as far as Englishmen travelling in France were concerned, it should be forthwith abolished. But the promise remains unfulfilled—though its fulfilment we think would form a graceful supplement to the new Commercial Treaty, and be appreciated by a class of Englishmen who do more than any other to mould the opinions of their countrymen on all matters of foreign policy—the great travelling class, who at this season of the year swarm over to the Continent, and bring back with them feelings, ideas, and impressions, favourable or unfavourable to their nearest neighbours; and often less favourable than they might be, by the operation of the passport nuisance. If an Englishman could leave his country without the trouble and expense of this utterly useless and vexatious document, and walk as freely on to the jetty at Boulogne, as he can to the pier of Ryde or Margate, or to the Broomielaw of Glasgow—a barrier would be removed which, more than any other, has tended to keep up a sentiment of estrangement and hostility between the two nations.

An Englishman can cross the Atlantic, and travel thousands of miles over the American continent without a passport; but he cannot go twenty-five miles eastward of Dover, without being mulcted of a fee, and stopped as if he were a thief or a conspirator. And all the expense, delay, and annoyance serve no good purpose whatever. The want of a passport never stopped a thief or a conspirator who desired to travel in France or anywhere else; but the enforced possession of a passport has been a hindrance and grievance to honest men for ages. The railway system seems, of its very nature, to be at war with the passport system. The one is a growth of modern science and utility, and of time; travelling is a right, a necessity and a means of civilization. The other is a stupid remnant of feudal ignorance and barbarism, and of a time when a man had no legal right to travel, to think, to speak, or even to eat, without the permission of some grim and ruthless baron or prince, of whom he was the serf if not the slave. We recommend the subject to the earnest attention of Mr. Cobden. If he can procure from the Emperor the boon of free locomotion in France for the inhabitants of the British Isles, he will add another stone to the pyramid of his fame, complete a great work of conciliation, and entitle himself, in a higher degree than ever, to the respect and gratitude of every lover of peace, and every friend of the civilization of Europe.

FLUNKEYISM, AND FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE have received the following letter from a respectable tradesman, who once wore plush, and who seems to consider that the fraternity of footmen have been wronged by the remarks in our last on the subject of the fashionable announcements in the columns of some of our daily contemporaries. Our correspondent somewhat misunderstands the purport of our remarks. Though we highly disapprove of the foolish and intensely snobbish parade of the names of people who have dined with dukes and earls, or who have been

received at evening parties by fashionable ladies, we should not have thought it worth while to animadvert upon a practice, which has, at all events, the merit of antiquity (common to many other abuses) to recommend it to toleration. It was only when we saw indications of a desire to carry the vulgar fashion into church—where there ought to be no fashion—that we felt prompted to do what we could to nip the abomination in the bud. If my lord the duke is to be considered a greater person in the House of God than the tradesman or the pauper, and to be advertized accordingly, it is time not only for the press, but for the clergy, and all other teachers of the people, to raise a warning voice against what might be called the irreligion, as well as the vulgarity of the practice. With these few preliminary remarks, we leave the letter of our correspondent to speak for itself.

To the Editor of the "London Review."

SIR,—Though I once wore plush, I beg to say that I have not "plush in my soul." A livery-suit was always felt by me to be a degradation. Having had some education, and some ambition, I succeeded, by good conduct and steadiness, in raising myself from the condition of what we are pleased to call a "flunkey," to that of a butler, and no longer wore livery. How long I was a butler I need not say. It is enough for my present purpose to inform you, that by strict economy, and attention to my business, aided by the kindness—I might almost say the friendship—of an indulgent master, I was enabled to leave service and establish myself as the keeper of a respectable public-house. I may praise the house in your columns, for I shall not publish my address or my name, but only give them to yourself privately, as a voucher for the authenticity of this communication. I may thus add, without being suspected of a puff, that I sell good beer, good spirits, and good wines; that I do not adulterate either, and that I believe I am a far honest man than some of the tradesmen in my neighbourhood. As I said before, I was once a footman, and a butler; and in both capacities—having eyes in my head, and some share of intelligence—I saw a good deal both of footmen and of their masters and mistresses. I learned, also, how the fashionable announcements of great dinners and parties got into the daily newspapers, and can affirm that it was not in any case through the agency of footmen or butlers.

The materials for these announcements were sometimes collected from servants by persons who called themselves fashionable reporters. What sort of a living they made of it I cannot tell; but I consider that a butler, or, perhaps, a footman, is quite as respectable as any of them. I also learned, and knew, that footmen took no pains to glorify their masters in these matters, but that several noble families paid the fashionable newspapers very considerable sums to have the lists of their guests made public. I cannot, of my own knowledge, state it as a truth, but it was currently reported among the gentlemen's gentlemen with whom I associated, that one paper, in particular, derived a revenue of from £60 to £80 a week during the season for this service alone. If the fact be so, why should footmen be accused? If you will make further inquiries, I feel convinced that you will discover that the "wearers of plush" are quite innocent of the snobbishness with which you charge them. A master may be a snob, and a footman may not be a snob, and *vice versa*; and I do not see why you should attack a class upon the strength of a puff paragraph which may have been sent to the newspapers by a snob who never "wore plush," and may have men in plush to wait upon him.

If fashionable people did not want the names of their guests made public, you may depend upon it that they could very easily stop the practice. The remedy is in their own hands, and they, not their footmen, are to blame; nor even the poor penny-a-liners, who earn their bread-and-cheese in this way, as they might in any other.

Yours obediently,

August 22, 1860.

JOHN THOMAS.

AN EXCURSION TO MOUNT ETNA.

THIS is the time for tourists. The young Prince of Wales is lionizing in Canada; Mr. Spurgeon recommends the Rhine, which henceforth will remain a kind of Exeter-Hall Mecca; the various railway companies give excursion tickets for the north and for the west; Keswick and Killarney are overflowing with their summer flocks; the Alps bristle with Britannie invaders, and a chosen handful have lately elected to visit Mount Etna and Garibaldi. These last have the best of it: with their rifles on their shoulders—for who would trust himself unarmed in the Neapolitan states?—with a "handsome and picturesque" uniform by which they may recognize each other in the crowds about Messina; with a free passage, rations, and "compensation" given them by Garibaldi, always generous to the English and the patron saint of all the lovers of Italy,—they will see one of the wonders of the world, and the greatest hero of modern history, under more favourable circumstances than any other men can boast of. They may see Vesuvius, too, before they have done with the excursion, and be at the opening of the Neapolitan dungeons; they may help to knock off some rusted chains from a few hundred patriots, and carve their names in a nobler fashion than Smith and Brown who write theirs on the Pyramids, or in the visitors' book on the Rhigi.

This handful of brave young Englishmen—this little band, six hundred strong, seems to belong to a more heroic time than this, when the yard-measure of the counting-house marks off patriotism and valour as only worth so much, less loss on the transaction. It carries us back to days when men fought for brotherhood and love, and each believer in a cause felt bound to help his comrade, no matter what the cost. Our brave excursionists—picked men all of them—

will meet hundreds of Italian patriots who have sacrificed friends and home, and, perhaps, will sacrifice their own lives, for liberty and Italy. They will find in the chief a man of antique virtue, greater, more daring, more simple than we moderns; and they may, if they will, take an active part in one of the noblest works which this generation has to do. Yet they are not volunteers, they are not enlisted, they are simple excursionists, going out, under special advantages, to see Mount Etna, and perhaps Mount Vesuvius. If they choose to gather laurels at the foot of either—and why should they not?—History will keep their memory green for ever.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. VII.

MR. WAGSTAFFE CONTINUES THE SUBJECT OF "SLOP," AND ESPECIALLY OF SLOP PHILANTHROPY, SLOP PHILOSOPHY, SLOP AUTHORSHIP, AND A SLOP HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SLOP Philanthropy and Slop Philosophy may go together. They are closely related. Slop Philanthropy, that gives its annual guinea to a public charity, and at the anniversary dinner of the Society for the Dissemination of Religious Tracts to Savages, who can neither read them, nor apply them to any other purpose of utility or decency, gives its fifty guineas that the glasses and decanters on the table may ring at the mention of the munificent donation,—has Slop for its father, Slop for its mother, and is itself Slop. If not exactly conscience-money, these guineas are the tribute to hypocrisy, that smooth and smug idol, which is set up in the temples of the world for half mankind to worship. Can Jones, who subscribes to a score of charities, cheat in weight or measure, grind the faces of his workpeople, or adulterate his commodities? Oh, no! says Respectability, in its gig—the thing is impossible. But though supposed to be impossible, it is done, nevertheless, by Jones the aforesaid—and by Smith, and by Robinson, and by a whole host of lying knaves, who spread out the very thin gold-leaf of Slop Philanthropy, to cover the rottenness of their worldly dealings. And as such societies have generally a pious Lord or Earl to preside over them, to vouch to plebeians for the correctness and the respectability of the concern, and to take the chair at the anniversary meetings and dinners, shop-keeping knavery thus gets to breathe the atmosphere of aristocracy. If it be only once in a year, it is something to boast of, and attracts custom and extends connection. Not only the vulgar herd, but the Earl or Lord himself is commonly a Slop Philanthropist, and trades upon philanthropy, as other men do upon their talents or their capital, as a surer means of attaining social position than statesmanship, true religion, eloquence, or genius (for of these he may possess no particle) could afford him. The Slop Philanthropist of the patrician order loves applause as mightily as a tragedian or a *prima donna*, and sucks in the adulation of crowds—especially if they be ladies—with an ineffable delight that would cause Democritus to laugh and Heraclitus to moan if they could see it. As for Slop Philosophy, whether it come from Fourier or from Owen, from Paley or from Malthus, from the Pessimists or from the Optimists, from the red-hot owner of slaves in Louisiana or Alabama, or the red-hot abolitionist of Massachusetts or Connecticut, down to the female critter—all brains and no heart—who preaches upon woman's natural rights to forswear nursing for doctoring, and the government of a happy home for a share in the government of an unhappy world, there is so much of it in vogue on both sides of the Atlantic, as to justify the belief that it is the very quintessence, crown, and acme of all other Slop. Bloomerism, Free-Loveism, Spiritualism, Mormonism, Sabbatarianism, Teetotalism, Vegetarianism, Puseyism, and I may add Tomfoolism, are all pieces cut from the same web—woven out of the same warp and weft—of folly and arrogance. Such "isms," and fifty others as absurd, are all slop and sham. Philosophers of the slop school—pretending to be wiser than Nature—lose sight of Nature altogether, and would cheat mankind in their belief and their observances, as grossly as the slop tailors and the food-poisoners cheat them in their apparel or their bread. One doctor of Slop proclaims all drink to be bad but water, forgetful of the contrary experiences of all ages and countries; another asserts all food to be injurious except cabbage and carrots; a third proclaims that the dining-room table of every household is the altar of the Divinity, and the medium through which the spirits both of the blessed and the damned communicate, by vulgar raps and painful spellings, with the children of this world; a fourth asserts that all evil comes upon the earth from the sinful habit of smiling and looking cheerful, or taking a walk into the country on the day which most Christians call Sunday or the Lord's Day, but which Jews and Scotchmen call the Sabbath; while a fifth, with a great "ism" filling up all the emptiness of his noddle, attempts to explain with his poor reason all the phenomena of creation, and to put Infinitude into that very small nutshell, his cranium. These be your Slop philosophers; and the age pullulates and is rotten with them.

The Slop Author is a remarkable person, and one of the most singular products of our age of Slop. There is nothing that he cannot or that he will not undertake to write. His mind is a microcosm and a macrocosm. His talents are elephantine—either to pick up the pin, or to rend the oak. Did Time not vanquish him, he would undertake a whole Encyclopædia to himself—not forgetting his scissors. A new Bible or new dictionary, a new tragedy, comedy, or farce; an article for a quarterly review or a daily journal; a treatise upon political economy, or upon the spasmodic nature of all true poetry; a code of art or of morals; a sermon or a pantomime; a history of

the world, or a fairy-tale for Christmas; an astronomical or a gastronomical treatise; an introduction to a new edition of the pre-Scottite novelists or an advertisement for a new paletot of Messrs. Aaron and Sons, or a new mantle of the Mourning Company; an epic poem, or a song without sense for Mr. Crotchet, the great composer, to be sung by Mr. Alto, the great tenor; a treatise upon the Differential Calculus, or a slashing review of the last new poem by Mr. Misty;—all these things are grist to this merry miller. He hath stomach for these and a thousand others. Armed with his scissors, he defies Time with his scythe. Ask him to write a tragedy—certainty of good payment being presupposed—and give him ten days for the task, and he will undertake it and bring it to you, all trig and ready, the day after to-morrow. Ask him for a new History of England, and give him six months for the job, and you shall have it in six weeks, ready for the printer.

Slop authorship being a recognised fact of our time, slop criticism naturally follows;—but, having said my say on that branch of the subject on a previous occasion, I have done with it, and return to it no more, unless upon provocation, and then—let the critics beware!

The Slop Drama grows out of slop literature, as the branch grows from the stem. Shakspeare having possession of the minds of theatrical managers—not altogether because he is Shakspeare, but partly because he is dead and popular, and can enforce no copyright,—the drama made by living men falls, by the operation of the law of gravitation to the level of Slop. Were a dramatist as good as Shakspeare to appear in our day, who would recognise him? Nay, who would tolerate him? If he were a poor man the other Shakspeare would stand in his way to the extent of depriving him of bread; and if he were a man of fortune, and wanted no bread out of his brain or his ink-bottle, Shakspeare would alike shut him out of reputation and the chance of making it, by the mere fact of the deadness of him—Shakspeare, and of the livingness of him—the aspirant. And as there is such little remuneration for novelty of invention and greatness and originality of treatment, how can the man who expects to live by this particular business fail to perceive—time being money—that to borrow takes less time than to create? If a Frenchman have an idea why, upon this principle, should not an Englishman make use of it, to save labour? That is one of the great secrets of the Slop Drama. A man will get thirty shillings for the merely mechanical labour of translating and slightly modifying a French vaudeville; whereas, if he wrote an original piece, worth fifty French vaudevilles, he might, perhaps, receive nothing;—unless the cold shoulder and a series of insults and rebuffs can claim to be accounted something. The Slop Drama is not the crime but the misfortune of the dramatic author, any more than slop tailoring or slop shirtmaking is the crime of the unfortunate labourers. It is both the crime and the fortune of the traders in dramatic representation and the amusement of the public; the stationary raree showmen, with houses over their heads, who in an age of Slop regulate the affairs of the stage, and claim to transact their business, as Aaron and Sons do, and with no higher purpose. It is the disinclination to pay to a living man a good price for a good thing, when dead men and foreigners stand in the way, neither being in the condition to claim a recompense for the labour, that reduces the original drama of our time to the condition of slop. The slop tailor and the slop dramatist are on the same footing. When the wage is unduly diminished the work is duly scamped, whether the work be coats or comedies, trousers or tragedies, pantaloons or pantomimes. The giants of literature no longer condescend to write dramas. Fate and circumstance, managers and actors, critics and public are against them. Cheapness is the rule, and cheapness produces its natural fruit, inferiority and worthlessness.

Last result of Slop,—we have a Slop House of Commons and Slop Legislation. Who, in our days, are the favourites of the people, when the people in large numbers have the privilege of election? Local lawyers, who have the gift of the gab; and local tradesmen, with a similar unhappy accomplishment. With rare exceptions, genius, learning, eloquence, and statesmanship, find no favour among large constituencies, unless backed by the influence of the purse; and Mr. Snob, great in local matters, great in the vestry, and great in the estimation of every little snobling in the place, becomes member for Snobbington, though he may have won the wealth that alone qualifies him for the distinction by means the most disreputable. He may have been the auctioneer and undertaker of the Borough, or the chief grocer, famous for his piety and his sanded sugar. And the dunce, though he may be able to pay largely out of the fortune thrown into his lap by public gullibility or lucky speculation, may scarcely be able to open his mouth in a society of gentlemen, without betraying his ignorance and vulgarity. The Slop members of the House are known for the liberties they take with the aspirates—for their muddiness as regards such facts of history as they may have learned—for their ignorance of all the rest—for their innocence of even a remote perception of great principles—for their love of small details—for their stupid pertinacity in voting upon every motion which comes before the House, whether they understand it or not; for their belief, that constant attendance in Parliament, day after day and night after night, is of more importance to their constituents and to the nation than statesmanship; and for the facility with which a prime minister can wheedle, and cajole, and twist them into his purpose by invitations to dinner, or by civilities to their wives and daughters. And then, Slop Members, with all their talk of purity and principle, honour and independence, are the most arrant mendicants in the realm. They are generally wealthy enough to need no place of pecuniary emolument for themselves; and are generally

mean enough to desire to quarter their cousins and dependents, and their wives' cousins, as well as their chairmen of committees, and even their bill-stickers, upon the public service. Fifty pounds a year in the Customs or the Post Office is a prize for the Slop member, to be bestowed upon some needy voter of Snobbington, for services rendered at the last election. But Slop voters, who know nothing of the public interests, and if they do, care nothing, deserve Slop members. Fifty fools—if there be only fifty—may choose a wise man to represent them; but fifty thousand fools find it difficult in the first place to get a wise man to undertake the ungrateful labour of asking their suffrages; and still more difficult to fix their choice upon the wise man—if he have been fool enough to place his wisdom at their mercy.

From Slop voters and Slop representatives comes naturally Slop Legislation, useless Acts of Parliament, made one year to be found unworkable the next; an accumulation of acts on all subjects, great and small, worthy and unworthy, in such manner, that Law, which should be simple, intelligible, and founded on commonsense and justice, becomes such a jumble of conflicting absurdities, that no lifetime, however lengthened, is sufficient to study, and no intellect, however hardy, well trained, and comprehensive, is sufficient to master it.

In fact, our modern civilization is altogether Slop. The ancient solidity is defunct and out of fashion. Cathedrals have given place to chapels; substance has made way for show; real turtle to mock; broad-cloth to shoddy; deeds to words; gentlemen to snobs; and gentlewomen to what, for want of a better word, I must call females. At all events, such seems to me the tendency of the age, morally and materially. John Wagstaffe loves reality, thinks the rank of a gentleman the highest of all ranks and titles, and a gentlewoman, young or old, the equal of any crowned queen or empress in the world, and worthy of as much true respect and heartfelt homage. John Wagstaffe loves the solid—prefers silver to electro-plating—and would like to see a servant dress less ostentatiously than, and in a different fashion from her mistress. He prefers a brick cottage to a tent, and linen to calico. The age is of a different fancy; and though John Wagstaffe cannot cure it of its degeneracy, he can pity and deplore it.

LORD MACAULAY, M. SISMONDI, AND KIRK WHITE.—There is, perhaps, no passage in all Lord Macaulay's writings, more widely known than the following, which forms the climax to a splendid passage upon the durability of the Papacy:—"She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."—(*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1840, art. "Ranke's History of the Popes.")—Where is the germ of the preceding passage to be found? Most likely in the following lines of Kirk White, published many years previously:—

"O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports broods silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows breaks along the void;
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears
The bittern booming in the woods, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude."

Lord Macaulay was not the only illustrious author who had a similar idea. The celebrated Sismondi was thoroughly a master of the English language, and in his "History of the South" will be found the annexed passage. We adopt the translation given by the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxv., p. 54:—"Who knows, if some centuries hence, this same Europe, where the reign of literature and science is now transported—which shines with such lustre—which judges so well of times past—which compares so well the successive influence of ancient literature and morals, may not be deserted and wild as the hills of Mauritania, the sands of Egypt, and the valleys of Anatolia? Who knows whether, in a country entirely new,—perhaps in the high lands, where the Oronoko and the Amazon collect their streams—perhaps in the now impenetrable enclosure of the mountains of New Holland—there may not be formed nations with other morals, other languages, other thoughts, other religions; nations who shall again renew the human kind; who shall study, like ourselves, the times past, and who, seeing with surprise what we have been, and have known, what they shall know—that we have believed, like them, in durability and glory,—shall pity our impotent efforts, and shall recall the names of Newton, of Racine, of Taasso, as examples of the vain struggles of men to attain an immortality of renown which fate denies them." We do not say that the thoughts contained in the above were suggested by the following lines of Kirk White, but they are so similar in spirit, if not in form, as to make the comparison between them a literary curiosity:—

"Meanwhile the Arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, fill'd with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wondering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever plough'd before,—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness:
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world; and sagely sighs
And moralizes on the state of man."

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ERRATUM.—In the article last week referring to the manner in which Mr. Trotman has been treated by the Admiralty the name of the Secretary was, by mistake, printed "Lord Alfred," instead of "Lord Clarence Paget."

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WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

GARIBALDI has at length disembarked at Bognara, a place on the coast of Calabria, a few miles north of Scylla, and within easy reach of Sicily. Various detachments had preceded him. So early as the night of the 8th, favoured by stormy weather, Missori had crossed the Strait of Messina with 200 picked men, had disembarked under Torre de Carvalho, had stealthily crept through the detachments of Neapolitan troops who lined the coast, and had without detection gained the mountains in the interior, where he effected a junction with a large body of insurgents, who had already mustered among the hills. For more than a week little progress was made, owing to the want of a naval force, the Sicilian boatmen, on whom Garibaldi was obliged to depend, having thrown down their oars the moment that firing commenced. Gunboats and steamers were, however, armed, and made ready for the conveyance of troops, and a fleet of 130 vessels seems at last to have been collected. Immediately on landing, Garibaldi appears to have been joined by the insurgent forces already assembled in Calabria, and to have discovered that he was in a position to attack Reggio, which is now stated in a despatch from Naples, dated Tuesday evening, to have fallen into the hands of the invaders.

No additional information has been received in the meantime, as to the ultimate purposes of Garibaldi. After he has obtained possession of Naples, he means, it is said, to proceed to Rome, and when both Rome and Naples have been united to Piedmont, to stir up a war in Hungary, and attack Venetia; and not to rest until every spot which belongs to the geographical region of Italy has been united under one government. It will be very unfortunate if Garibaldi hurries at present into any such course, as we may assume, from the last continental news, that the arrangement come to at Toplitz really was that Austria should not interfere in Italian affairs, unless Venetia were attacked. The argument that Venetia is part of Italy, and should, therefore, form part of the new Italian States, might, with as good reason, be applied to Corsica—which Garibaldi has no intention of wresting from France—or to the eastern seaboard of the Adriatic, which he does not intend to recover from Austria or the Porte. He must stop at some point,

and it would be wise to do so at the limit where he will neither provoke a contest with France or Austria.

The national Hungarian fête has passed off more quietly than was anticipated, there having been no demonstration against the Austrians, and nothing to indicate that any spontaneous outbreak is likely to occur opportunely for Garibaldi. General Benedek entrusted the maintenance of public order to the municipality of Pesth, who undertook, in the absence of Austrian troops, to guarantee the tranquillity of the town.

The news from Russia gives a gloomy account of the harvest. Heavy rains and high floods have damaged the crops in all parts of the empire, while in the southern provinces the woods and corn-fields have been devastated by locusts. This scourge made its appearance in Bessarabia. The whole population was called out as against an invading army. Twenty thousand men surrounded the district in which the insects had appeared. At first they succeeded in confining their depredations to a limited area, but in spite of all precautions they suddenly crossed the cordon drawn round them, and made their appearance in other districts where they have eaten up every blade of corn. They have crossed the Dneister, and extended over an area of forty miles in length, by fifteen in breadth. The ultimate extent of this evil cannot be anticipated. A telegram from St. Petersburg, dated Monday last, states that the Russian finances are in an unsatisfactory state, and that the rumour is even prevalent that the empire is on the eve of a national bankruptcy. There is great discontent, it is stated, in the army, in consequence of arrears of pay; even the Imperial Guard not having been paid for the last five months. Troops, however, continue to pass down to the Black Sea, while 200 ships have assembled at Nicolaieff, in order to transport troops to Turkey, should a chance occur to justify Russian intervention in the East.

From Turkey the news is still alarming. The precautions taken to preserve peace in all the great towns seem, however, to have had the desired effect. Collisions between the Turks and the native population were daily expected to occur in Montenegro, where the assassination of Prince Danilo is ascribed to the party who wish to throw off the Turkish yoke. The reply of the Porte to a Servian deputation refusing to allow the Servians to frame a new constitution is also expected to create much discontent.

From Syria every additional fact which reaches us goes to prove that the Turkish authorities were entirely responsible for the events of the past month. The last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a very important article on the subject by a French Protestant missionary, who has had the best chance of becoming acquainted with the feelings and prejudices of the native population in Syria. It is difficult for an Englishman to realize all the depth of ignorance and stupidity in which the lower classes of the East are sunk. Of geography they know nothing. Of history they know less. Yet a kind of news circulates among them, and they hear distorted accounts of all the great events which take place in the West. The writer of this article tells us that the Sepoy insurrection made a great sensation in Syria. It was generally believed that the Indian Mussulmans had crossed the English frontier, sacked London, and driven Queen Victoria from her throne. She had gone, it was said, to Constantinople, where she and her family had been received by Abdul Medjid. The Sultan was very much blamed by the village politicians of Syria for so doing. At this time the whole Mussulman population of the East were prepared for a general attack upon the Christians, which would undoubtedly have burst forth, but for the wholesome lesson taught at Jeddah. The author of this interesting article partly ascribes the present outbreak to the deference with which the Turkish authorities are treated by the English Government. The abject native races of Syria see the ignorant and conceited Turks insult English subjects with impunity, and they conclude and believe that the English, like themselves, are tributaries of the Sultan, and must submit to be domineered over by the Pachas and Governors of the Porte. "Thus (he says) has England destroyed in this country not only her own influence, but also, up to a certain point, that of other civilized nations; for the Easterns do not make distinctions, and it is impossible that an European power can lose prestige in their eyes without the others suffering for it. The general impression of the Syrian Mussulmans is, that the Frank princes, expelled or divided, intimidated at the same time by the power of the Turkish empire, are incapable of really protecting their own subjects, and still more incapable of protecting the Rayahs; so that if a massacre took place, the Sultan would order the Pasha of Beyrout to salute the French and English flags, and no more would be said about it." On Monday last the secretaries of the British Syrian Relief Fund were able to transmit £5,500, for the relief of the sufferers in the East, to Mr. Moore, the Consul at Beyrout, with a request that the fund might be distributed on unsectarian and impartial principles.

On the 4th of August last, the first caravan of Christians, who had escaped from the massacres in Damascus, arrived in Beyrout; a column, composed chiefly of women and children, and numbering from 2,000 to 3,400 persons, in a state of misery and destitution which could not be exceeded. Great exertions had been made to feed and clothe them. Remittances from Europe were anxiously looked for.

On the evening of the 16th a large meeting was held at Salter's Hotel, to hear Captain E. Styles, the English officer of Garibaldi's staff, who has come home with the view of raising funds in aid of the Sicilian insurrection, and of enrolling, if possible, a body of volunteers, who will proceed with him to the seat

of war in Italy. Captain Styles was introduced amid the most enthusiastic applause. He stated that he had already met with great success; in three days he had collected five hundred recruits, all of whom were respectable, none of whom were without good certificates of character, and many of whom were gentlemen of independent means; but he expected soon to raise the number of volunteers to eight hundred, and not to leave this country without the means of properly arming and equipping his battalion, so that he might say to General Garibaldi, on returning to Sicily,—"Here we are ready to fight." While Captain Styles was receiving the applause of this meeting, his letter, calling upon English Rifle Volunteers to take up arms in the cause of Sicilian independence, was brought by Mr. Hennessy in the House of Commons, under the notice of the Government. Mr. Hennessy wished to know if Her Majesty's Ministers were aware of what was going on—if they knew that, contrary to the statute and common law, as well as the law of nations, attempts were being made in this country to embody troops to fight against a power with whom we were not at war?

Lord Palmerston replied that it was in such cases difficult for the Government to interfere. The Foreign Enlistment Act no doubt might be enforced, but then it required proof that the enlistment actually took place in this country. Now, this might in all cases be evaded. Those who went to serve the Pope, for instance, who had been less jealously watched by Mr. Mr. Hennessy and his friends, were going they understood to be employed upon railways, while those who are now leaving the country said they were going to visit Mount Etna. Under such circumstances how could Government interfere? The subject was dismissed with some remarks from Mr. Scully, who observed that none are so deaf as those who will not hear, and that the ignorance on the part of Government of what is passing out of doors must be held to indicate a little domestic revolution, as the advertisements in the newspapers for funds to be divided among the wounded adherents of Garibaldi were headed by the names of Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Palmerston, and Mrs. Gladstone.

The signal failure of Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Scully to excite a show of opposition to Captain Styles' proceedings, seems to have provoked Mr. Crawshaw, the Mayor of Gateshead, into a demonstration which has caused great amusement in the north of England. It appears that the *Daily Chronicle and Northern Counties' Advertiser*, a newspaper published in Newcastle, contained, in the course of last week, no less than three articles favourable to Captain Styles's mission. On Monday morning Mr. Crawshaw appeared in the police-court to renew an application, he had previously made for a warrant against Mr. John Baxter Langley, the editor and publisher of the newspaper, on the allegation that the articles referred to were infractions of the act against foreign enlistments. The magistrates, after hearing the complainant at great length, refused his application on the ground that to constitute an offence under the statute, personal contact between the accused and the persons worked upon must be established, which, in this, case had not been done, the newspaper articles referred to containing simply an historical statement of what Captain Styles had done since he reached England, and of what he proposed to do before returning to Sicily. The Mayor of Gateshead is not, however, satisfied with the decision of the Bench, and has intimated that he will carry the case into the Courts at Westminster, where he is to apply for a *mandamus* against the magistrates to show cause why they should not grant a warrant.

The rapid development of the manufacturing system, which has raised this country to the proud rank it now holds among the nations of the earth, has not been without its attendant evils. The population has flocked in crowds from rural districts into great centres of industry, to adopt less laborious, and yet more lucrative, occupations; to lead a monotonous life, which produces a craving for excitement, and, at the same time, to become surrounded with every temptation to extravagance and dissipation. The result has been, that in the first generation, at least, part of the population so migrating into cities has sunk into great misery and degradation, and that large classes of children have sprung up, neglected by their parents, and neither trained to habits of regular industry, nor brought up to any calling whereby they may earn an honest livelihood. The workhouse schools supply an education, such as it is, for those among them who are absolutely destitute; the reformatories provide instruction for those who have committed crimes; but a large class of the truly helpless remain who, excluded altogether from the means of entering a trade, must, if unheeded, grow up at war with society, and with no better means than theft and crime to supply their daily wants. In this state of matters, Ragged Schools have come into existence—a class of institutions admirably suited to remedy the evil, by educating this class of children as working-men and women, and proved by statistics, carefully collected, to have diminished crime to an extent incredible to any one who reasons theoretically on their value. In our last number we regretted that the House of Commons had refused to extend Government aid to these institutions. We are now glad to see that the subject has been taken up out of doors by Lord Derby, who delivered, on Saturday last, on laying the foundation-stone of a Ragged School at Kirkton, near Liverpool, a speech well calculated to bring the true character of Ragged Schools under the notice of public men, and ultimately to secure for them a larger share of public patronage than they have hitherto received.

Another subject which has a close connection with the welfare of the poorer classes was discussed in Parliament on Wednesday evening. It is asked if the means of recovering small debts have not become too easy? Instead of making the County Courts support themselves, they are now sup-

ported, to a great extent, by funds voted by Government, and thus, by enabling small traders to recover, at the public expense, debts due to them, have encouraged a system of credit most injurious to the humble working classes. In speaking on this subject, Mr. Ayrton remarked that the working classes were suffering from this evil to an extent little known. "Hawkers," he said, "went about the country enticing the poorer classes to buy goods on credit, and then, by means of the county courts, got their debts collected almost at the public expense, the unfortunate debtors being subjected, when they could not pay, to an imprisonment which partook of a penal character." He even suggested that the "facilities for the recovery of debts should be limited," and adduced very cogent arguments in support of the proposition.

The Aborigines Protection Society addressed, last week, a memorial to the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, stating the grounds on which they objected to the bill for the better government of the natives of New Zealand. They attribute many of the difficulties which have arisen to the fact that the natives are allowed only to sell their lands to the Government, whereby prices are kept down, and an unjust profit is reaped by those who ought to be their protectors. As a means of restoring the harmony between the colonists and natives, which has been so seriously disturbed, they suggest that one or more commissioners should be despatched from England, with the powers necessary, not only to institute inquiries, but to adopt remedial measures. The bill has since been withdrawn, the measure having been protested against by men of all parties and creeds in the House of Commons,—first, as an inroad on the powers of self-government conceded previously by Parliament to the colonists of New Zealand; next, as prepared in the absence of the legislature of the colonies; and, lastly, as supplying a very imperfect machinery for the hearing of native complaints.

THE MEETING OF SOVEREIGNS AT THE OPENING OF THE MUNICH AND VIENNA RAILWAY.

(By One who was Present.)

ABOUT a fortnight ago a rumour reached "our watering-place" (Baden-Baden) of the great *fête* which was to take place at Salzburg, on the occasion of the opening of the Munich and Vienna Railway. This important event, of great commercial interest, was to be invested with a still higher political significance, by the opportunity which it afforded to the Sovereigns of Austria and Bavaria to meet at a moment when any *rapprochement* of such a nature, between any of the German states, was of the utmost consequence. I accordingly determined to tear myself away from the attractions of Baden, in order to be present on the auspicious occasion. I found Munich in a greater state of excitement than I had ever known that pre-eminently quiet city before. I counted three carriages in the Ludwig-strasse at the same time; observed at least twice as many people as usual drinking beer in the gardens, in anticipation of the great event; and, what was the least agreeable discovery, found that all the hotels were full. However, the "Four Seasons" proved an elastic establishment, and there I was ultimately provided with a temporary home. Six o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst. was the hour fixed for the departure of the excursion-train for Salzburg, and this necessitated the extremely unpleasant measure of being called at five. Among the inhabitants of the "Four Seasons" were many eminent men who were to take part in the ceremony of the morrow, and whose names were duly inscribed by the porter on the black board with "Café" after them, "due at 5 a.m." We were a proud list on that said board, and the envy of all the other people in the hotel; for the party of excursionists was to be to the last degree select: to consist of the King, his ministers, and his ministers' especial favourites. Even the diplomatic corps were excluded from the high honour of partaking of the festivities of the two following days, in consequence, it was said, of the disagreeable rencontre which might thus take place between the Austrian Emperor and the Sardinian Minister. However that may be, it is certain that the strangers were represented by a single Englishman, who, it is to be hoped, doubly appreciated the honour. A little after daybreak, came clattering down the stairs of the "Four Seasons" the officers and civilians, in every description of uniform, and suffering from a violent irruption of orders and brilliant decorations,—for no man in Bavaria is considered of any note who cannot adorn his manly person with an adequate display of stars and ribbons; and away we all drove to the station, where a great crowd was assembled to watch the distinguished arrivals. The station was abundantly ornamented with flags, and the interior very tastefully decorated with young trees and shrubs, forming quite a little thicket round the throne prepared for the King. Opposite the throne was a less pretending erection, constructed for the bishop, who was surrounded by a brilliant staff—of clergy. The third side of the square thus formed consisted of a temporary altar, and opposite to it were the rails, not of the altar, but the railway. The intervening space was carpeted, and contained a few chairs and hassocks for members of the royal family. The platform on each side was crowded with spectators and excursionists, the latter principally in uniform. The roof was hung with flags of the national colours—light-blue and white; and the engines covered with pine-boughs. The arrival of the King was the signal for a general buzz; then the royal brothers took their assigned positions on their knees, His Majesty setting the example. A general stillness ensued, and the venerable bishop inaugurated the proceedings by performing mass: with the voices of the choristers and the sonorous chant of the clergy, mingled the part of the

steam-engines, as five of them in a row came up like intelligent animals to the feet of the bishop to be blessed. This was the conclusion of the ceremony, and was immediately followed by a rush for places. The long train fluttered from one end to the other with little blue-and-white flags, and looked gay and jaunty in the morning sun. At last every cocked hat had found its resting-place, and we were off across the level Bavarian plains, where the peasantry were busy getting in their crops. Past the Simm See, along the swampy margin of which we rattled over a portion of the line which we were informed had been the principal engineering difficulty of the undertaking; then skirted the shores of the picturesque Chiem See, with its mountains rising from the water's edge, its wooded islands, and its white houses reflected in its glassy surface,—past stations, all covered with flags, with platforms crowded with spectators, and bands playing; but we only heard the clash of instruments as we rushed by,—just as, if you shut your ears at a musical festival, and open them suddenly for a second, you hear the momentary war;—on through thick pine woods, where enthusiastic foresters had erected stages, with flags, and fired little cannon in rapid succession as we glanced past; through cuttings, where the only things visible at the top of the bank were the fat legs of the countrywomen who had collected there; recklessly on at twenty miles an hour, a killing pace for a German engine, till it gets out of breath, or, what is equivalent to it, out of water, and we stop at a station where the whole population of the neighbouring country seems collected, and there is a guard drawn up, with a very stout officer in a light-blue uniform in command, plenty of music, and a good deal of beer, and sandwiches, and sausages for famishing excursionists. We are the objects of intense interest to an admiring and unsophisticated crowd for ten minutes, and then get into the train again, and repeat our experiences for two or three hours more, until we find ourselves in the highlands of Bavaria, and are only distracted from the various picturesque points of view which open upon us by our approach to that most romantic of all German towns, Salzburg itself, with its houses let in, like enamel, to the beetling crags that overhang the river, and its fine old castle rising proudly above all. And so we dash into the station, under triumphal arches and festoons of flags and flowers, and pull up at last between a row of Austrian officers and a fountain. For the Vienna excursion train had arrived before we did, and the platform looked like a parterre of the gayest flowers, in consequence: certainly no army in Europe can compete with the Austrian for brilliancy and taste in uniform. There was a variety and richness in the assemblage of costumes waiting to receive us at Salzburg which it would have been worth while coming all the way to see, apart from any other object. In the present state of Europe it is most earnestly to be hoped that all that glittered so brightly may turn out to be gold when the day of trial comes; meantime, since the Reichsrath is now so powerful financially, we would suggest for its consideration, whether considering the present state of the imperial exchequer, it would not be wise to spend a little less in lace and feathers, and devote the savings to more practical purposes. It is only due to the officers who were at Salzburg to say that their martial bearing did credit to their gaudy plumage; and I was much struck by the youthful appearance of many of the colonels.

The arrival of the King of Bavaria, in a special train, immediately after us, was followed by that of the Emperor of Austria, accompanied by Count Rechberg, and other ministers of the Empire. His Majesty was received on the platform with the National Anthem, and a general salute. The two Sovereigns then proceeded to that portion of the station which had been appropriated to the next part of the ceremony. This consisted of another mass, performed by the Bishop of Salzburg, the Emperor and King standing opposite to the Bishop, and the rest of the room, which was tastefully decorated, being crowded with the recent occupants of the two excursion trains. Addresses were then read by the President of the railway, and duly responded to by the respective Royalties; certain documents were signed and placed beneath the last stone, which still remained to be laid to complete the work. A benediction having been offered, the party adjourned to the Fountain, where the National Anthem was sung by a crowd of the workmen employed on the railway. By this time a general "sinking" was experienced, from royalty downwards, and we proceeded to a magnificent repast prepared for 600 persons, and presided over by Count von Wickenburgh. The two Monarchs, with a more select circle—for the Emperor of Austria was accompanied by a few archdukes,—partook of an elaborate repast, which was terminated by speeches pregnant with a deeper political meaning than is usual after dinner.

The Emperor of Austria spoke as follows:—"This day's ceremony inaugurates an era of important development in the communication between distant lands. May they rejoice in this new bond, in earnest emulation, and amidst continued increase of prosperity. But you must all feel, as I do, that this ceremony claims, further, a still higher significance. From this day forward, German brother races are brought nearer to each other. Austria's sons are happy to stretch out their hands to their brothers of Bavaria, and to thank them for their fidelity and love; and the same feelings of union with which we greet our neighbours we also offer to all our German kinsmen and confederates.

"Whilst to the present audience I allude to these feelings, I cannot help calling to mind with pleasure the day when, but a few weeks ago, I pressed the hand of the Prince Regent of Prussia, in ratification of the identical sentiments which we then reciprocated. I am confident that, with your whole hearts, you will unite with me in the thrice repeated greetings—

"'Long Life to our Royal Brother and Friend of Bavaria.'

"'Long Life to Bavaria's Loyal and Brave People.'

"'Long Life to the Union of the Princes and Peoples of Germany.'"

This speech, which was received with great enthusiasm, was responded to as follows, by the King of Bavaria:—

"I wish first to express my most heartfelt thanks in my own name and in that of my people, for the elevated sentiments we have just heard. Certainly the work, the completion of which we are now celebrating, is of vast importance. It will bring kindred races nearer to each other. May God's blessing rest upon it. Enthusiasm and hope have greeted the recent amicable meeting of the rulers of Austria and Prussia. It is a pledge for the union of Germany, and therein lie our power and our strength. From the bottom of my heart then I propose—

"'Long Life to my Imperial Brother and Friend of Austria.'

"'Long Life to Austria's Loyal and Warlike Sons.'

"'Long Life to the Union of the Two Great German Powers.'"

This last most unexpected allusion to the Two Great German Powers was followed by thunders of applause, which proved the ready sympathy which the sentiment found in the breasts of the audience. Doubtless the King of Bavaria found a double satisfaction in giving the toast, since the meeting at Toplitz was due to his instrumentality, and not to that of the English Government—(a mistake into which, I see, the correspondent of "THE LONDON REVIEW" at Berlin has fallen). There is no doubt that at that meeting the Emperor of Austria pledged himself to the Prince Regent of Prussia to continue in the path of reform which the Austrian Government has been recently pursuing, and, more especially, to make important concessions in matters ecclesiastical,—a point strongly and very properly urged by the Prince Regent. The close and intimate relations which subsist between the Bavarian and Austrian Governments, and which the occasion of the meeting at Salzburg has been the means of increasing, render the union of the two countries, in a military point of view, most essential to the best interests and safety of Germany.

While the Monarchs were thus exchanging a reciprocity of sentiments, and washing down important political announcements with champagne, we were indulging largely in the same beverage in another apartment, elaborately decorated with flags, and sumptuously arranged. During the repast—and not afterwards, as is the manner of the Briton,—speeches were delivered, the healths of sundry royal personages, and prosperity to the railway, drunk; every guest, besides being provided with an excellent dinner, was furnished, as a souvenir, with an album containing engravings of the most important features on the line, and a full description of it throughout. Finally we were visited by their Majesties themselves, the tenor of whose speeches had already reached us, and who were received with rapturous applause in consequence. They each made a short speech; then the bands struck up once more, and we separated with a series of enthusiastic *Hochs*, to re-embark in the trains for our respective destinations. As the Emperor of Austria proposed paying Munich a visit, many of our Austrian friends decided on visiting that city, which was thus destined to become the scene of further festivities. It was late that evening ere I once more reached the "Four Seasons," the greater majority of the excursionists repairing to the residence of the mayor, to wind up the evening, where that high functionary entertained them largely with beer.

On the following day the worthy citizens of Munich were gratified by the novel sight of the two Monarchs driving about the quiet streets of their town in plain clothes, and the happy individuals who were fortunate enough to be invited to the grand entertainment at the Crystal Palace, in the afternoon, revelled in the anticipation of that event. At three o'clock six hundred persons sat down to a series of tables placed in a circular form round the fountain in the centre, and which were very tastefully laid out. Mine host of the *Baierische Hof*, had contracted for the repast, at six florins a head, and his arrangements were made in a style worthy of imitation by those who superintend a similar department at Sydenham. It was delightful to look upon a hundred dozen of champagne frozen into beds of ice, with nothing but their black corks showing above the glittering surface; and to smell the savoury odours which proceeded from the kitchen temporarily erected for the occasion.

The palace itself was a perfect labyrinth of trees, which formed side-walks, and enclosed the festive boards with evergreen borders. White columns and statues contrasted with the dark-green foliage; strips of blue-and-white flags waved in festoons overhead, and the fountain plashed continually. A throne was erected at the head of the tables, and during dinner their Majesties entered, and shortly addressed the guests, but did not take part in the festivities, which were protracted almost until it was time to go to the theatre, where royalty appeared again, and the crowds which were packed inside gave them another ovation. Altogether the day was devoted to merrymaking; and enthusiastic citizens of Southern German tendencies augured the happiest political consequences from it.

Of the commercial advantages of a line which connects Munich and Vienna, it is almost unnecessary to speak. It shortens the distance between the latter city and Paris to thirty-six hours, and opens up that direct communication between Western and Eastern Europe which has so long been required. Its influence upon the two countries which are thus united will be, doubtless, beneficial to both. Everything which tends to nationalize Germany is of political advantage to Europe generally, and to every state in

the Confederation in particular. The interests of one state thus by degrees become the interest of all, and prejudices are rubbed off by contact, which can be overcome in no other way.

If the political results of this connection thus develop themselves, the 12th of August last will mark an epoch in the history of Germany worthy the enthusiastic celebration which took place.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

WITTY Henry Drummond used to say that an administration was like a sow with seven teats and eight little pigs. The seven found their due place in the porcine economy, and were content; but the eighth hapless little porker went about squeaking and making all the rest uncomfortable. The particular M.P. whom he characterised as "a pig without a teat" was Mr. Rich, who squeaked so loud and was altogether so noisy and mutinous that he has been on the shady side of office ever since. Palmerston could not ask Gladstone, and Milner Gibson, and Villiers, and Charles Gilpin to become members of his administration without leaving out and passing over some former Whig subordinates. Among these was Danby Seymour, M.P. for Poole. He was formerly Under-Secretary for India. He discharged his duty with alacrity, and touched his salary not ungratefully. He made no escapades, was dutiful and respectful to his chief, as an under-secretary ought to be, and, unlike Austen Layard, was in no respect eccentric, or cantankerous, or wrong-headed. There is nothing remarkable in this, but here comes the puzzle. This honourable member is not a member of the present Government, and he rises night after night, in the loudest voice at present known to St. Stephen's, to attack the Indian administration of Sir C. Wood. Now, to careful observers, there appears a great similarity between Vernon Smith and Charles Wood, as Indian Governors. They are, indeed, "as like as two peas." I should say that both are as compliant to Lord Canning as need be, and that if the Indian Army Bill appears to be an exception, it is because an illustrious duke came in, with we know not what influence in the background, and overruled the opinion of the Governor-General of India. Danby, however, who was the very humble servant, not to say "slavey," of Vernon Smith, sets up his back and spits at Sir C. Wood, like the tom-cat in the ancient placards of Warren's blacking. The other night he called him the autocrat of India, and said he administered India as the late Emperor Nicholas ruled the Russians. He wanted will, resolution, and vigour. He did not control the Indian expenditure as he ought to do; and the India Office, in fact, might as well be shut up as placed under his administration. A very loud voice always makes a great impression upon me, and I am therefore well enough inclined to believe all that Danby says. But I would give a thousand pounds to know whether Danby would have said all this, or even thought it, if Wood had offered him the post of Under Secretary for India. Observing how much, or rather how little, a Cabinet Minister usually consults his under secretary, my impression, I own, is that Indian administration, in all the particulars pointed out by the member for Poole, would have remained precisely the same, and that if any discontented person—any Danby Seymour out of place—had got up to call Sir C. Wood the autocrat of India, and proposed to shut up the India Office, the representative for Poole would have risen to defend his chief with even more energy than he now attacks him.

The psychology of the parliamentary mind is wonderful. Make a man a cabinet minister, put a geological book into his hand, and tell him to consider the supply of coal. He will tell you (having just heard your views) that there is no fear of its exhaustion; that if you can sell it to a neighbouring people across the water, you will give employment to your miners and your sailors, and that nothing but good can result. Forget or neglect to make a Minister of him, and he reads his geology the other way, prophesies the speedy exhaustion of your mines, and denounces the folly of giving away the elements of your manufacturing supremacy. Recall another man to his post of Secretary to the Admiralty, and he acquiesces in the desirability of additional fortifications. Perhaps "acquiesces" is too strong a word. As a sub., his consent is never asked. He does not probably know what his Premier is going to propose until the First Minister rises in the House of Commons, and all he has to do is to vote with his Government on a division, and to send in his resignation if he cannot give a satisfactory reason for his absence. Pass him over, and your Fortification Scheme is open to strong objections, particularly in that matter of Portsdown Hill. He is not a military authority, he admits, but he has a cousin in the artillery, or an uncle in the engineers, or he has read two or three articles by Sir J. Burgoyne. So he votes, and divides the House against your Portsdown Hill, in company, perhaps, with an ex-Secretary to the Ordnance, who, if he had been asked to join the Ministry, would have felt confident that your Fortification Scheme, upon the whole, was the wisest solution of a difficult problem. A lawyer doubts whether you ever mean to make him Solicitor-General. So he impeaches your returns of male occupiers and possible voters. If he is an advanced Liberal, he taunts you with being about to admit more voters to the franchise than you are at all aware of, though he, of course, ought to be very glad of it. Offer him the Solicitor-Generalship, and all causes of difference vanish. You do not alter your course a hair's-breadth. You act as if you did not know of his existence. You do not permit him to walk home with you, even if you leave the House together. But that honourable and learned member is buoyant with satisfaction when he rises to defend your administration. His causes of difference with you, if he have any, are in future hardly whispered across the table in the dining-room of the Reform Club. He does not call your whippers-in "Peripatetic Philosophers of the Porch," or your men the "subterranean phalanx of the supper-room." Yet he is the same man, to all external appearance, except that he puts off a certain air of turbulence and discontent, which is thought to be the proper thing for an independent member. I could not tell

whether Bernal Osborne or Edwin James cultivates this rough show of turbulent independence with the greatest success. I like to see it in both members. They wear it so gracefully, and impose upon us old members so completely! People, indeed, pretend that they can discern the tongue in Edwin James's cheek when he gets up a cause of quarrel with the Ministry. And the public generally set down the opposition of a patriot who has missed a place as something insincere and corrupt. But they have never studied the subtle workings of the parliamentary mind, or the peculiarities of parliamentary optics. There are some atrocious humbugs who are not sincere, but the differences of opinion are, in most cases, real and not pretended. The glow of indignation is not affected. The stick in the bowl of water really seems to them broken or crooked, when it is only deflected optically. If they sat on the Treasury bench it would seem straight. The Indian stick (I don't mean Sir Charles Wood) appears to young Thomas Baring to be of the most rigid rectilinear continuity. And this zealous and devoted young man will always believe, to his dying day, that Danby Seymour's opposition to the Indian administration of Sir Charles Wood is the most barefaced example that can be conceived of the impudence and unscrupulousness of a disappointed place-hunter. Prime Ministers forgive a great deal, but oh, Danby! profit by the experience of the honourable member for Richmond.

Our parliamentary veterans come out strong at the flag end of the Session. The three members of the House of Commons most punctual in attendance during the last week have been, first and foremost, Palmerston, *facile princeps*, senior wrangler of his year, *dux* of his school; secondly, Graham; thirdly, Henley. Graham has been silent all the Session, yet has unaccountably awakened into life and activity at the eleventh hour. During the first six months of the Session he, the best electioneerer in England, fresh from the triumphs of the Carlisle hustings, lapsed into silence, from which nothing could rouse him but the fight for the championship. It was on a Wednesday afternoon that, a Factory Act for Bleaching Works being under discussion, Sir James got up and made emphatic confession that he was wrong when, as Home Secretary, he lent a too ready ear to master manufacturers, who declared they could not carry on their business or maintain a competition with foreign countries, if women and children in factories received the protection of a Ten Hours Bill. Lord Shaftesbury's son had spoken of the deterioration of the English *physique*. The old man warmed with the theme. He had not himself observed any deterioration in the race of Englishwomen—

"Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet;"—

but perhaps young Lord Ashley was a better judge than he upon this point. That the race of Englishmen had degenerated, however, he could not admit, after the noble example of courage and endurance recently presented to the world. Tom Sayers received many compliments about this time, but few of which he had greater reason to be proud. The House cheered, and not a few members declared that the veteran would not have spoken at all if he had not felt impelled to fling a laurel crown at the champion of England. Then ensued another long period of silence. The Budget came and went, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—in whose genius he takes a semi-paternal pride, and beside whom he sat so long in that place below the gangway now tenanted by Mr. Bright—was sorely beset by the Derbyite rank and file; yet Ajax did not once interpose his shield or present his burly form in the *mêlée*.

The Reform Bill followed, and had to run the gauntlet of open opposition, covert hostility, and insidious delays. Nephew Lawson stood up for it, and denounced the Derbyite tactics. Uncle Graham smiled with forty-Mephistophilean knowingness, yet kept his seat. Whether the Bill went far enough or not, or too far, we do not know to this day. What Sir James thinks of a £6 rental, as against a £6 rating, we shall learn probably when he stands upon the hustings at Carlisle. Then came the Paper Duty Debate. The Netherby baronet could not find a word to say in favour of the abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge, although there came a certain Tuesday night when the Paper Duty Abolition Bill was only saved by a majority of nine, and a speech from a veteran who came fresh into the combat might have determined some votes. The Lords threw out the bill, and Sir James Graham was appointed a member of the Select Committee to search the journals for precedents. To this day we can only conjecture his opinion upon the constitutional question at issue between the Lords and Commons. His vote is said, indeed, to have averted a hostile report from the Committee, if not a collision between the two Houses; but it is alleged, with great show of truth, that his vote was governed by the technical form in which the question was referred to the committee, which Sir James held, precluded any expression of opinion on their part. His activity at this time was remarkable. He crossed once the floor to talk to Walpole, and left the House with him, to discuss the report at leisure. He talked across the gangway to John Bright; compared notes with the Attorney General; leaned over to confer with Tom Duncombe; exchanged views with old Whigs like Edward Ellice and Sir N. Baring; and was in daily conversation with Gladstone and Milner Gibson. He seemed to be the mind and conscience of the House, impregnating old and young with hints, and the result of statesmanlike observation and experience, and giving the tone to the debates, while he studiously avoided taking any part in them. The Customs Duty found him as silent as the Excise Duty. He had no word of regret for the loss of the Bankruptcy Bill; all through the session he has been silent, inscrutable, and mysterious. The Galway contract was his thunder; yet when Bouverie protested against the vote, Sir James was absent. Against the Red Sea Telegraph Bill he divided the House. He was beaten; yet when the cable failed, and the money went to the fishes, the senior member for Carlisle made no sign. Within the last week or two, however, upon matters of no real importance, the veteran has not unfrequently addressed the House. As the prorogation approaches, the constituency of Carlisle become a great fact. They may demand the explanation of a taciturnity which they were not warranted in expecting, from the liveliness and vigour of their member's electioneering canvass. There has been no fault to find with the right hon. baronet in regard to his attendance throughout the

Session. And now, when young fellows pair off and go after the grouse, and the clerks and officers of the House empty untold snuff-boxes to keep themselves awake, and the Speaker wonders whether he can possibly keep up until the 28th, the Netherby baronet is fresh, blooming, hale, vigorous, and half-disposed to be loquacious. The electors of Carlisle may remember the little speeches on the Estimates, and the Naval Discipline Bill, and forget the reticence of the early months of this memorable Session. Or they may feel flattered by Sir James reserving for their private ears, in Town-hall or Assembly-room, the opinions which the first representative-chamber in the world looked to hear, and were denied the privilege of hearing. Looking round the House, I do not know any one who could make a more telling and interesting recess speech than Graham. Disraeli will doubtless review the Session for the edification and amusement of the farmers of Bucks, and a very pretty thesis it will make. Gladstone will be heard of in the country, lecturing some Welsh farmers or Liverpool merchants. John Bright, with the Paper Duty still payable, and the encroachment of the Lords still unrevenged, a democratic Reform Bill indefinitely postponed, a bad harvest, and a winter of suffering and discontent, which are I fear inevitable, has a "hand" which any political agitator might covet, for all his cards are trumps. Lord John will have something to say at the Mansion House and Guildhall upon foreign affairs. Mr. Horsman will probably keep at a respectful distance from Stroud, yet even he will find an audience and a reporter somewhere, if only at a farmers' ordinary. But the winner of the recess, if he so wills it, must be the "dark horse of the Session," who might talk for three hours by Shrewsbury clock, without exhausting the great and grave topics of the Session.

Old Mr. Henley is another example of the stout parliamentary campaigner. In the general engagements and pitched battles of the Session he has been content to shoulder his musket among the rank and file, and go into the lobby with his party, for, like Graham, he has listened much and spoken little. It is when bills enter the stage of "committee," and other men will have nothing to say to them, that the right hon. member for Oxfordshire warms to his work, and sets us all an example of patient and persevering industry. The frequent hand begins to be necessary to assist the sluggish ear, but we remark to each other with pleasure that the old gentleman's cough seems less troublesome than usual this Session. Home-office counsel, who draw bills, turn pale under the gallery when they come within the lens of that microscopic eye, and amateur legislators tremble when the shrewd old chairman of quarter sessions interposes with his favourite remark—"Well, now, let's see how this 'll work." Depend upon it, if there are blunders and inconsistencies in a clause, they will soon be seen kicking and fighting, like the contents of a drop of Thames water under the oxy-hydrogen microscope, when old Mr. Henley fairly gets them into focus.

While Disraeli has gone to Hughenden Manor, in order to enjoy the pleasure of reading the column devoted to the Berwick Election Commission at breakfast—while Sir J. Pakington can with difficulty be brought up from Worcestershire to give the *coup de grace* to a New Zealand Bill, which is strangled by its unnatural parents as soon as the sound of his carriage-wheels is heard in the distance—while Whiteside, and Cairns, and Kelly are sacrificing too at the shrine of Themis, or anticipating the long vacation—Henley alone, of all the men of mark upon the Opposition benches, sticks to his work, and wont allow a single clause to escape him. His usual exordium, "Sir, I must say" (we never say "must" in Parliament), has been the death-warrant of many a needless and inquisitorial clause. The Union of Benefices Bill this week has exhibited Mr. Henley in all his glory. But a Metropolis Local Government Bill, an Ecclesiastical Commission, a Court of Chancery Bill, a Roman Catholic Charities Bill, have also come under his purview, and have found him vigilant, active, and watchful. An assembly with a tendency to scamp its work, like the House of Commons at the end of a Session, contains no more valuable member than a statesman of weight and experience who voluntarily devotes himself to the drudgery of examining clauses affecting the liberty of the subject and the safety of existing institutions, and who brings to his work the shrewdness, legal acumen, and accumulated knowledge that distinguish good old Mr. Henley.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

A bill has passed through the House of Commons to diminish the number of the city churches, by transferring some of them to the suburban districts, whither the congregations have already gone. But the *vis inertiae* is proverbial. One after another, amendments have been added to the bill, making it next to impossible to carry it out in a single instance. There are so many "bodies," lay and clerical, spiritual and temporal, municipal and parochial, to be satisfied, that every one despairs of seeing a single removal effected. Parliament ought not to pass measures under the pretence of allowing certain changes to take place, and then clog those measures with impossible conditions. Amongst the latest obstructions are to be found certain wise men among the architects, who mounted the high places of St. Paul's, and declared that the steeples of these deserted churches should be allowed to remain as standing ornaments to the city, even when the portions where divine service was performed should be removed. This seems to us a most absurd proposition. Many of the steeples "stop the way." There is nothing so admirable in steeple architecture, which is really overdone in this country. It is known that Sir Christopher Wren himself desired that only half the proposed number of churches should be built after the Fire, and that these should be of a superior description. But he was overruled by that very pious monarch Charles II., and the churches remain, of which not more than half a dozen are really worth preserving, and these are exempted from the operation of the bill,—if it should ever come into operation at all.

Another scheme—and that perhaps the very best and most pressing—for increasing our street accommodation, is postponed till next Session. The plans

approved by the committee of the Thames Embankment have been received with very general approval, and the grand difficulty of finding the money has had a chance of being solved. But it is found that there is no time for maturing the scheme in the present Session. The great Metropolitan Board of Works, however, must be prohibited from proceeding with their low-level sewerage. It is likely they will be too glad to be allowed to suspend this part of their work, in the hope of getting the Coal and Wine Duties handed over to them next year, and also to have such an admirable position for the sewer in the foreshore of the river. To block up the Strand and Fleet-street for an indefinite period, for the purpose of making the sewer there would scarcely be tolerated. Not to speak of the obstruction of all business, the cost would be something incalculable. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the sewer will carry the embankment, and that the embankment will carry the sewer. The wharfingers and the owners of waterside property are early in the field. They will make a grand stand for compensation, and herein will be the great difficulties of the embankment. But the Government have control over a considerable portion of the Westminster end, and the other end, it is feared, will not be allowed to extend beyond Southwark-bridge. The waterside property between London and Southwark bridges is felt to be too much to grapple with, and if Southwark-bridge be reached, it will be easy to get to Cannon-street, and thus avoid the most crowded thoroughfares connecting the City and the West End. Something—nay, a great deal—must be done. It is easy to see that the opening up of the leading thoroughfares, and increasing the routes from east to west, must form a considerable item in the business of the next Session of Parliament.

The Metropolitan Board have been compelled to withdraw their bill for further powers, introduced by Mr. Tite. They must exert themselves, if they hope for public support next year. The notice, in one of your earliest numbers, of the delay in opening the new street from St. Martin's-lane to Covent-garden, has stirred them up a little. There is, to be sure, no more show aboveground of any progress made in opening this long-promised communication. But we are informed that there is great progress underground,—that sewers and arches are being constructed, and that the street will be opened at last. There is another most important thoroughfare entrusted to the Local Board, which seems to flag altogether. They have got a large sum—about £200,000—handed over towards the cost of an opening from Blackfriars-road to the London-bridge stations, and there is no sign of a commencement as yet. We do not know how Mr. Thwaites will explain this long delay to the satisfaction of his constituents over the water.

There have been some interesting discussions in the House of Commons on the vote of £15,000 for the improvement of the National Gallery. It is satisfactory to see that several honourable members, independent of party, expressed their opposition to this vote, not because of its amount, but because they desired to see a much larger and more comprehensive scheme adopted.

The removal of the Royal Academy, already recommended by the Committee and the Royal Commission, was dwelt upon as a necessary preliminary to any great plan for a building on this present site worthy and capable of containing the national collections. This view was recognised by Lord Palmerston, although he was naturally reluctant to turn the forty R.A.'s into the street. His lordship, also, we are glad to see, contemplates the possession of the barracks, and the workhouse in the rear, as necessary to the erection of a complete building. We trust that we may see this view carried out. Mr. Disraeli was in favour of it when in office last year.

The drama—more fortunate than other expectants—is a double heir. People insist on making it take. Estates are pressed upon it. There is already the "Dramatic College," although it has made the very queer and ill-promising choice of a tract of land forming the corner of a cemetery for its site. The "Necropolis, Woking Cemetery," will have a mirthful match in its new outlying neighbours. Mr. Dodd, it appears, is lost for want of a wandering colony—theatrical it must be—to settle upon his "Promised Land." Proceedings, we are told, are in progress to carry out his intentions. Independently of a free gift of the ground at Windsor, he will generously endow the buildings with a sum of £8,000. Can he not turn his regards in another and, at least, as equally deserving a direction? We are certain that the parties which, in all seriousness, we would propose as the objects of this new donation, would not cavil, as the theatrical people did, at his liberal gifts. Mr. Dodd, if you are determined to endow, and to raise, some institution which shall be really worthy of your goodwill, and prove an honour to your philanthropic enthusiasm, construct a "College" for the Literary Body! The word "College" would then be no absurd misnomer, as applied to the noble refuge which your kindly feelings and liberality proposed.

M. Guadin, the celebrated French marine painter, has just finished two remarkable pictures. The subject of one is the arrival of the Emperor Napoleon at Genoa, to open the Italian campaign last year. The other represents an equally memorable occasion,—the interview between Queen Victoria and His Imperial Majesty the French Emperor, in the Harbour of Cherbourg. Both of these pictures have been purchased for the Emperor. The painting of the meeting of Her Majesty and Napoleon III., at Cherbourg, has been sent to London for the purpose of public exhibition. We have no doubt that it will attract great attention.

To-day the drawing of the prizes in the Crystal Palace Art Union takes place. It is an interesting ceremony to all; but it will be particularly so to the winners. From that which we hear, we augur great popularity to this movement, which superadds to the idea of placing valuable pictures in the hands of subscribers, objects of genuine art.

Messrs. Trübner will publish, on Monday, an enlarged English copyright edition (from the tenth American edition) of Robert Dale Owen's work, on what is usually called "The Supernatural." The English title is "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." It will constitute an octavo volume of upwards of 400 pages.

The fund for the benefit of the family of the late Robert Brough is steadily progressing. The performance at Drury-lane realised £120, and a separate donation fund at Coutts's has reached £100. We are glad to see among the list of subscribers wellknown names in literature, art, and the dramatic world. The Savage Club have been performing in the "Forty Thieves," at Liverpool and Manchester during the past week for the same purpose.

What pantomime visitor will not regret the death of Richard Flexmore, the celebrated clown? The dress-boxes, filled with children—and, indeed, the grown-up,—will look in vain on next Boxing-night for his well known "Here we are again!" Out of thirty-eight years of a short life, twenty-seven were passed as a pantomimist.

It is reported in French literary circles that the Emperor is employing his leisure time—and it is a fact that an emperor can have leisure time—in writing a history of Julius Cæsar! We are used to "lords," and even "dukes," attempting literature; but an Emperor! What a state of commotion the "Row" would be in with a new work by the Emperor of —! Mudie would take 2,000 as a first instalment; and Hookham and Heber, who are content with quieter dozens, would rush into thousands to supply the demand for the more aristocratic West-end. We hear that several gentlemen are kept in constant employment in collecting materials for the Emperor. M. Léon Reiner is in Italy, examining into all that refers to the history of the Roman constitution; and others are making researches and translations in France. Two or three officers of engineers are engaged in experiments for the purpose of reconstructing the war-engines employed by the Romans.

A remarkable and perfectly unique sale by auction has taken place during the past week. Messrs. Eversfield & Horne, of Parliament-street, have been selling the materials of Old Westminster Bridge! This unusual and extraordinary event attracted large crowds of people, and the result of the sales at either end of the bridge realized about £500.

We have received a very formidable catalogue of the Theatrical and Miscellaneous Library of the late William E. Burton, which will be sold by auction by S. Sabin & Co., of New York. The sale is announced for the 8th of October. Catalogues may be obtained of Messrs. Trübner & Co., who are prepared to receive orders to purchase. The "book" numbers upwards of 500 pages, and the lots reach close upon 6200. No less than 68 pages of lots are devoted to Shakspeare. So large a number has rarely been met with; and they comprise separate plays, original editions and reprints, poems and sonnets, doubtful plays, collected editions of all his plays, embracing all the first four folio editions, and reprint of the first, and all the editions from Rowe to Halliwell. There are a great number Shaksperian relics, including the celebrated mulberry-tree tea-caddy. There are a few choice paintings which were not sold with Mr. Burton's gallery.

Considerable interest is excited in the literary world with respect to some of the forthcoming publications of Richard Griffin & Co. The "Liber Albus," or the White Book of the City of London, contains some curious particulars respecting ancient manners and customs, and there is no doubt it will be edited by a gentleman, Mr. Riley, of Cambridge University, fully competent to the task he has undertaken. From Henry Mayhew there is to be a book for boys—"Young Benjamin Franklin." Mr. Hannay contributes an essay to "The Complete Works of Hogarth," containing 150 line engravings, with descriptions by Dr. Trussler. Lord Brougham has prepared, what will be perused with satisfaction at home and abroad, a "Treatise on the British Constitution," and we are at last, it is hoped, to have in a complete form what has often been promised, but never yet realized in the execution,—a "Dictionary of Contemporary Biography," that may be relied upon for its "accuracy."

The new work of Mr. Edward Mayhew's, announced for publication in our last, does not relate to "Dogs," as stated, but to "Stable Management."

JOKE-MAKING AS A BRANCH OF THE FINE ARTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE finer an art is, the more unsuccessful pretenders to it there always will be in the field; for, the more delicate the skill required, and the more subtle the mystery of accomplishment, the smaller will be the number of critics highly-enough gifted and educated to appreciate readily the distinction between success and failure. While, with the artistic police diminished as the obscurity deepens, the greater will be the proportion of self-sufficient blockheads obstinately blundering on in happy unconsciousness of their lamentable incapacity; idiotically exultant in their signal failure.

If I make a bad pair of shoes, Smith, Jones, Thomson, Johnson, Robinson, Harrison, Cavendish and Howard,—all have a soul above wearing them, if they can afford better. But if I make a speech on a commercial treaty, write a poem on the great god Pan, or paint a group of astonished rabbis in the Temple,—that is quite another pair of shoes. How many people can tell me (tip and run off their own bat) whether I (W. E. G., E. B. B., or H. H.) have added to my previous glory—or put my foot in it? How many of the enlightened British public, I ask, are ready, on the spur of the moment, to "up and say," *Macte virtute!* or *Ne sutor?*

Besides, supposing the British public in large coveys make bold spontaneously to "up and say"—it is about an even chance, very little trimmed by any critical preponderance towards truth or error, whether they hit on, or commit themselves in their haste. They may glorify me in the wrong, or may vilify me in the right. But they are much more likely to do neither one nor the other, till Messrs. L. and De L. have let off their pinch of fulminating powder in a brilliant flash of De L. and L. fire; and the patent thunder-machine in Printing-house-square has rattled its portent.

To return to our jokes. I affirm and maintain that a very small proportion of the British public know the difference between a good and a bad joke, and can conscientiously lay their hands on their ribs, to hold their sides impromptu, however supernacular the joke may be, and however much they may be inevitably constrained to do so when the jest has got to the end of its slow-match with time, and finally explodes in their stubborn entrails.

I was originally an obtuse man, and can assure the reader it has cost me

infinite pains to sharpen myself. I therefore remember well the sensations of a dull man in society when a joke suddenly goes off near his ear. It is most bewildering and unpleasant.

You hear a remark which strikes you as inconsequent—sometimes absolutely a solecism; you think it a good opportunity of exposing the sophistry of a man who has been usurping more than his share of the conversation; you seize it, and are caught in the explosion of the bystanders, who, perhaps, knew he was an authorized wit, and were waiting with their faculties on the alert ready to burst spasmodically at the right moment. You are put in the wrong wrongfully; you are distinctly injured by the triumph of Jawkins; your unsuspecting sincerity and earnestness become the foil of his treacherous levity and undignified nimbleness of wit.

You thought you were conversing with a respectable citizen in a Mackintosh and umbrella;—your subject, of course, was the weather, and you were treating it with becoming solemnity. Whip, Jack, *hi presto*. You hear and feel a thwack on the portion of your person you have incautiously turned. The elastic blade has flashed out of the umbrella; the damp unsavory folds of the waterproof have made a sudden smother of darkness about your head and shoulders. You disengage your embarrassed limbs indignantly, just in time to see Harlequin's spangled heels disappear through the clock-face, and to hear the roar of the pit. To crown all in the midst of your just wrath, as you are rushing madly from the scene, you tumble neck and crop over Clown, who has astutely prostrated himself across your path: and as you are getting up, Pantaloon feels your backbone, as if to see if you are hurt, and lackadaisically observing, "Aint your other side more comfable?" coolly turns you over, seats himself in your stomach, and observes, "He's almost softer than I took him for."—For there are always some minor buffoons to keep the game alive while the audience is in good cue for laughing, and Harlequin is taking his breath for a new somersault.

I sharpened myself in self-defence, that whatever thwacks I got from Harlequin, the minor wits might not find me "comfable" to tumble over or sit upon. I write this to help to sharpen you, innocent reader, if you are too blunt; or, possibly, to blunt you if you are too sharp.—For this grave treatise is addressed to wits, witlings, wags, reparteezans, joke-scorners, indiscriminate laughers,—in short, everybody who has any connection with jokery, even down to those persons who cannot understand a pun after giving their best attention to the third *ex-post facto* explanation.

To the wit who can make jokes I recommend lenity and moderation. Let him abstain from putting innocent persons in a painful position—there are plenty of bores and coxcombs to flesh all our comical blades on. And every right-minded Englishman despises the judgment and taste of ever-so sharp a wit, if he is more eager to be clever than he is ashamed to be cruel. This is like showing off surgical skill in the torture of dumb creatures.

Next let him abstain from interrupting serious and earnest talk that is worth hearing, or that is listened to with interest by the majority, whether he, the wit, thinks it worth hearing or not. He may fancy the opportunity will pass and not return. It may, no doubt, and he does well to let it. But in nine cases out of ten, the first flash of a joke, even on a professional wit's brain, is a shade too late for the first presentation.

The stream of conversation, like all other streams, has its eddies, especially if, as I am supposing, it be conversation on edifying subjects. (I here only interrupt myself; so I merely beg my own pardon, and proceed.) That turn of the conversation which suggests the joke to the true wit, will pivot on some important point. The joke would not be worth making at all unless it does so. That which strikes him in a jocose point of view, will almost always strike somebody else in a serious light. The conversation is arrested on the important point, and a back-current loops itself into an epicycle. This point becomes the prominent object in the foreground presented to every mind's eye in the company. A little damask-writhing plot of calm occurs in the midst of the eddy. The wit by this time has his joke poised in his hand—he launches it into the very centre of the oily plot of silence, and the splash of it tells tenfold more than it would have done in the swift-rolling ripples of the main current. He reaps the reward of forbearance.

It is surprising what a small joke will be perfectly successful, if it be well thrown into one of these pauses. The most perfect occasion for a joke is when the conversation has not been grave enough to make any one regret its receiving a slight shock, and when some person of a lazily philosophic turn "wonders why?" something happens which does not much signify; and after which vacant query, for want of any reasonable reply or suggestion, a pause occurs. If the pause be at all painful, there is an absolute vacuum-suction for a joke. A joke is wanted to bridge the gulf, if it be only a slender joke, or to fill it up if the joke have any body in it.

I remember a case in point—*même deux*—both in companies where three or four over-average wits were present. The first was at a round dinner table: conversation happened to turn on dentists—what a nice collection of pictures some dentists had—why had most dentists good collections of pictures? [Pause: The party were above a *banalité* on distracting the attention of persons waiting for their turn on the chair of torture.] Question repeated—Why should dentists be so artistic? [Pause became awkward, propounder having evidently no exposition, when, in the nick of time, Jawkins, who had scarcely opened his mouth, except to eat and drink, up to that period of the dinner, suggested, in a casual matter-of-fact tone, that dentists might have a natural turn for drawing.] The relief of the person who had propounded the question which had caused an awkward pause, was felt sympathetically by all the party, and I never heard professional wits laugh more heartily.

The other is so nearly similar, it is scarcely worth mentioning. Somebody wondered how Madame Tussaud decided the delicate case of *when* a celebrated character like the ex-railway king, whose popularity had declined, should finally be melted up to make somebody else. How was such a point to be settled? I myself observed that the simplest rule was to "take him off the wax as soon as he was on the wane." It was about the most successful joke I ever made to a large audience; and though I say it, it is a very fair extemporaneous piece of ingenuity. But it did not succeed *because* it was good; rather in spite of it, for it was a little too difficult, and would not have been observed to be a joke at all, except in a society of wits, in the way I said it; and it took a little slowly, though very effectually. The pause made its fortune, and the "turn for tooth-drawing," a much feebler effort by Jawkins, did quite as well, and was more suddenly understood. Neither

of them would have succeeded without the pause, being only ingenious, and not humorous.

Wits should have some consideration for weak brethren, and not make their jokes too difficult. For ease to the joker is difficulty to the audience. The wider the area of your reading, and the greater number of odds and ends you have in your quiver, the easier it is for you to find some ludicrous connection of ideas. But your audience, to be amused, must see the connection, and have some slight acquaintance with both the poles which you unexpectedly link with your electric flash. If not, your joke is like a pun in an unknown tongue.

A good many jokes occur to me daily in Arabic; but I have only one friend who principally passes his time among the Carpathian mountains, I regret to say; for I value him very highly, because he is the only man who appreciates my arabesque pun-filigree. Not that I do not know many Orientalists and wits, but that the rest of my Arabic-speaking friends are unacquainted with jokes, while my wits, as a rule, are innocent of Arabic. A joke is good, much more in proportion to its skilful and ready application to the time, place, and circumstances, as well as circumstance, than by any inherent measure of goodness.

This does not, of course, apply to written jokes: and you will accordingly find that funny writers can very seldom make extemporaneous jokes in society. Whereas colloquial jokers, often mismeasuring the inherent goodness of a jest by a success which was due to the occasion, make their written jokes of much too slender material. An extempore joke may be too good. If, for instance, a fertile mind ever so spontaneously yields a double-barrelled witticism, it will always seem like premeditation. The difficulty of the hearer in taking in the double flash will be imputed by him to complicated elaboration of malice prepense in the wit. For instance, talking of the military capacity of the Artist Rifle Corps (stand at easels), the other day some one said, "If they came to a brush, they would be the men to stick to their colours." If that wit really made it on the spur of the moment, he would have done better to have left out the brush half, and merely said they were likely men, at least, to stick to their colours.

In writing it does not matter how many jokes you string together like onions; those who dislike their flavour need not read them; and the reader has leisure to stop and think if he pleases. He is on even terms with the elaborate wit who may have cudgelled his brains over his fun during many painful hours. But as no more space is allowed me this week for the development of my idea, I must perforce postpone until next the conclusion of what I have to say,—editors being something like emperors, autocratic and despotic.

LANCASHIRE'S APPEAL TO MIDDLESEX.

LANCASHIRE has a message to Middlesex whereof I have the honour to be bearer. I remark, in the newspapers, advertisements in which the attractions of a life among the Caffres, or the manly nations of New Zealand are set forth. Men sitting in despair in crowded London, before empty cupboards; boys, who are lusty and adventurous; young women willing to travel over weary wastes of water in search of husbands; children of all sizes and complexions;—are entreated to bend their steps towards Liverpool or Gravesend, and to turn their longing eyes to distant lands, where a bountiful reward of gold cheers the heart of the worker. There are heartaches enough and to spare, in London, among its vast army of vagrant labourers. The scene that is played daily at the London Dock gates, at half-past seven of the morning, where hunger scrambles for the loaf and implores work to earn it,—where the desperate of all classes meet, as a last resource, and slave for a shilling, and so prolong the dear life yet another day,—here the witching voice of the emigration agent is unheeded, as it is unheeded in hundreds of sorrowful London homes. The passage-money is beyond the reach of the very poor. The poverty is so acute that there is not an hour's rest in the race between hand and mouth. The hand has a hard time of it to keep up with the demands of the mouth. If any reader, under whose eye this page may fall, desires to make himself acquainted with the kind and degree of poverty that is stationed, helpless and inert, in the heart of London, let him visit the lanes and alleys about the London Dock walls; then let him pass an hour or two in the vicinity of Saffron-hill; concluding his ramble by a brisk walk about the Brill, Somers-town. Clare Market, and its *entourage*, might enlarge his idea of the chronic social disease in question. Emigration agents make no effort here. Generations crawl to manhood, pine, and groan, and sink into the pauper's grave—unnoticed and almost content. A youth in the gutter is closed by an old age in the union. The reason of this misery is, that there is not work enough. Since the human creature is generally rather strongly inclined to eat and drink after some fashion, and by some means it follows that when fair remunerative work is scarce, crafty schemes will be rife. In stress of weather, men will lay their heads together, and endeavour to snatch the food they are not permitted to buy. Hence the dodges of all kinds, by which the poor population of London keep body and soul together. The manufactories and workshops of London cannot employ the metropolitan population that depends for its living upon labour of some kind. Hence our sturdy bands of juvenile offenders, our cadgers and cracksmen, our begging-letter impostors and street-cheats. Hence our crowded unions and oppressive poor-rates.

Now, when I declare that the message I send from prosperous Lancashire is addressed to the unemployed and ill-employed of London, I trust I shall have a patient hearing. The message is one of good tidings to the young and strong. I am in the midst of mills that smoke, and steam, and sing the long day through. I am in the midst of building materials for more mills. At every turn I meet rich men who began life in fustian; vigorous workers who opened the scene with a wooden spoon and a mess of porridge, and now daintily sip tokay. The weavers who throng past me have just obtained an advance of five per cent. I have searched in vain for a beggar. In vain have I searched in Lancashire towns for neighbourhoods worthy to be compared with the rents round about Drury-lane. Every human creature has here his or her allotted task, which, being done secures home and food. It may be that New Zealand is a land of plenty; it may be that the Irish emigrant has only to touch American soil to be happy evermore; it may be that among the Dutchmen round about the Cape, abundant fare awaits the immigrant. But none of these distant havens offer sunnier weather to the

worker than is to be found among the mills and hulls of the north. New mills are rising on all sides; looms wait for hands in vast and comfortable weaving-sheds; and thousands of children are still growing in London gutters for London unions!

"It is absurd," a Lancashire master observed to me, "that with our existing facilities for the movement of population, there should be superabundant labour, and consequently misery and crime in our corner of the country, and work waiting for workmen in another corner."

The master's observation at once recalled to me the poverty-stricken parts of London. Here idleness and vagabondage are being cultivated, when habits of profitable industry might be instilled. The children of Drury-lane rents might be directed to Lancashire mills, and be housed in cleanly and wholesome cottages. I can take any dozen families who may choose to leave miserable rents, and a miserable struggle for bread, to earn good wages in Lancashire, and be bound that they shall have comfortable cottages, and the assurance of work and honourable pay for years to come. There are foodless babes by hundreds, and haggard fathers fighting at Dockyard gates, for whom peace and comfort lie in wait, not a day's journey off. The voice that could pierce the din of Clare Market, and hold ragged men and women by the ear for a few minutes, and that would tell them that nearer than New Zealand, nearer even than New York, good, honest work, in pure air, was to be had for them and for their children,—the voice that should accomplish this hearing would do no mean work in this time.

"If a thousand came here to-morrow," was whispered in my ear at Burnley, "they would find employment at once. A few days ago," continued the small voice, "I saw, in a trial, a Nottingham weaver declared that an able-bodied operative could earn only five shillings and sixpence, nett, in a week. Now, why don't the stocking-weavers tramp into Lancashire?"

There is good, beyond comfort and fair wages, that might follow emigration from districts where work is scanty, to the mills that yawn for workmen. For teetotalism has made great strides among Lancashire operatives, thanks to the courageous perseverance and high example of men like Mr. Livesey of Preston. There was not a house that I remarked with greater pleasure than that in Preston's High-street, where the first Preston pledge was taken many years ago. It has done good by stealth; and I remark that the foremost operatives—the operatives who lead the mass, and are able to confront assemblies, and vindicate the claims of their class, are, mostly, total abstainers. These leaders might receive immigrants from poor districts, and make temperate men of them. They might take lads by the hand and show them the way to honourable prosperity.

"Ay, but we want skilled labour," cries a friend at my elbow. "The first comer cannot be weaver or winder, or grinder. Apprenticeship must precede the payment of good wages. Skill is bought by tedious experience."

It is clear that there is reason in this interpolation. But it is not discouraging. I have the authority of practical mill-owners for stating that an immigration, even of unskilled labour, would be swallowed up by the greedy mills. The will to do and to conquer is the thing needful. Will scorns obstacles; and it is wonderful to remember the Alpine ranges of difficulty it has conquered. Let me call to the mind of the faltering in the struggle of life an obscure, but remarkable instance of the force of this same will that occurs to me. The Yorkshireman John Metcalf, born at Knaresborough in 1717, was blind from his sixth year. Where were the chances of a blind boy, son of a poor working man?

John Metcalf found out where they were. At nine years of age he could make his way from one end to the other of his native city. The blind boy learned to swim, and saved the lives of three companions, who had their sight. The blind boy took to equestrian exercise, followed the hounds, and became expert as the discoverer of short cuts,—so expert, indeed, that strangers whom he guided doubted his blindness. The blind boy became a blind man, felt for his chance in the bread-battle of life, and took to road-making. Over deep marshes, between Blackmoor and Standish Foot, he contrived a solid road, that remained dry summer and winter. He prospered, and had nearly 400 men in his employ. This blind man built bridges, and became known in the north of England for his road-making and bridge-building. A comfortable independence and a snug farm rewarded the resolute blind man, and these he enjoyed till he died in his eighty-fifth year.

And thus even the blind child upon a peasant's knee may quench the tears of its mother. There is hope for this precious burden, heavily as it is afflicted. There is reward at hand for the strong of heart and the resolute of purpose, even when the right hand is palsied, and the eyes are sightless. If for the child John Metcalf, as his tiny hands felt about the walls of his father's cottage, and he turned his stone-blind eyes, seeking pity, to his mother's face;—if for him, folded in everlasting darkness, who never saw the face of wife or child,—though both, in due time, brought sunlight under his roof,—then how much more for the child perfectly developed? If blind John Metcalf could learn to follow the hounds, shall it be said that men with arms and eyes in health, may not speedily conquer the mysteries of the loom and the delicacies of the spinning machine? The will to work is the thing needful to be borne by all who wend their way from the purlieus of London, and the starvation of Nottingham or Coventry, to the mills and hulls of the North. There are earnest friends of the thousands of children who inhabit London cellars and dark arches; and these friends have kindly taken dirty little hands, and led little feet to Blacking Brigade head-quarters, and elsewhere.

Good has been done:—"But," cry the masters of Lancashire, "why not afford us a few thousands of these poor little gipsies? The law protects them; inspectors and sub-inspectors will see that they are not overworked; and they shall be housed in airy rooms, and clothed and instructed." Already bands of young women have been tempted to the mills, and have been provided with an establishment apart, where they may lead honest and decent lives, whence, in due time, they may issue, lawful brides of prosperous operatives. At the worst, in slack times, they will be better off than they were in the squalor and chronic misery of their native rents. As the chances of children, snatched from London filth, would be greatly increased, by education in the mills, and in the school-rooms near the mills.

I have delivered my message, honestly, I trust. There are good and powerful men in London, whom I hope to reach. Better than tea-parties in a sombre hall, crammed with children "full of catechism and bread-and-butter," would be profitable work, pure air, and all needful education for

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them. I remember sadly a young prize-holder, who sang the Old Hundredth in perfect time and tune, and who had had his fill of gratuitous tea and cake at one of these great assemblages of boys, who have been taken by the hand; I was anxious to talk familiarly with him and some of his companions, so I began by asking him whether he had enjoyed his tea.

"Tea!" he replied, accompanying the exclamation with an unpleasant leer, and his companions leered with him; "Tea!" Ugh! We should have liked beer better."

I pointed to a ticket which he held in his hand, which entitled him to a money prize. He held it up contemptuously, and called it his ticket-of-leave. "We're all ticket-of-leavers here!" he cried, and his *entourage* laughed heartily.

The consummate little hypocrites disgusted me. They were petted so openly, that it was clear they believed they were doing their benefactors a favour in consenting to be reformed and reclaimed. Better, I think, put boys like these where there are few pet theories, but much profitable work. Better send the honest children of the poor to the mills and hells of the north, than to Exeter Hall.

B. J.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

TERRITORY NOT WEALTH.

IN COMMENCING a series of papers upon the numerous and often complex topics which affect the rural economy of this country, and thereby influence the happiness of large classes of our population, as well as the productiveness of our soil, we propose to indicate, in a general way, the intended scope and purpose of these papers.

We are apt to refer, often somewhat boastfully, to the superiority of our agriculture, and the vast amount of capital it employs; while we point exultingly to the enterprise and ingenuity engaged in the manufacture of the implements and machinery of husbandry, to our flocks and herds, and to the great supplies of corn and meat furnished by our farmers to the busy hives of manufacturing and commercial industry. Yet, few persons, save those who have an intimate acquaintance with British agriculture, its belongings and its burthens, are aware that these results have been accomplished under difficulties and discouragements which have rendered no small share of Anglo-Saxon determination necessary, and have very much prevented the natural development of agricultural industry in England. When these difficulties and discouragements are brought in detail and with preciseness before the reader, and are illustrated, as we purpose to illustrate them, by events and incidents occurring from day to day, great will be his surprise that English farmers—whom he may have been accustomed to consider inert and unenterprising—have done so much, but still greater will be his astonishment to find that the chief obstacles are either actually created by the owners of the soil, or are the necessary consequences of bad laws and injurious customs which they regard as time-honoured institutions absolutely essential to the maintenance of the aristocracy.

We have inherited from the feudal ages a system of law in reference to real (*i. e.*, landed) property, which is calculated to render property in land of the least possible value to its actual possessor; and we have likewise inherited notions and customs in regard to land, which, for want of a better term, we may designate as quasi-feudal, scarcely less mischievous than the law of real property itself. By law, a landed estate of which the proprietor is absolute (*fee-simple*) owner, on his death without a will, descends to his eldest son, to the exclusion of the rest of his children, although the estate may be of enormous value, and he does not leave a shilling besides after payment of his debts. This is sufficiently unjust towards the younger children, but supposing the eldest son to be unrestricted owner, he may so use his estate as to make it as productive as it is capable of being made. If it requires—as most English estates do require—to be improved by means of outlays of capital, such as in draining, building, or repairing farm-houses and homesteads, making roads, removing injurious timber and hedgerows or the like, the eldest son can sell a part of the property, or raise money upon loan for the purpose of improvement. He may thus obtain for himself the best rental, by enabling his tenants to raise the largest amount of produce the land will yield. But few instances occur in which an unincumbered estate descends to the eldest son. Most landowners—still taking the most favourable instances of absolute owners—have incumbrances on their estates; there are always inducements to acquire more land than can be paid for without taking up some money. The original purchase was beyond the available capital of the purchaser; or the landowner has generally, from time to time, the opportunity of adding an adjoining estate, or of buying up a convenient farm to increase his original estate, but he is without the money necessary to complete the purchase, and recourse is had to a mortgage. The local influence and social importance landed property confers or is supposed to confer, form the strongest of inducements to most landowners to add to their landed possessions, or, at all events, to do anything rather than diminish them. Hence, when any of the exigencies of life occur—the marriage of a daughter, the starting of a son in life, a contested election, or any other occasion—when ready money becomes indispensable, the landowner invariably resorts to a charge on his estate for the purpose of raising it; so that when an estate descends from one absolute owner to another, it is commonly burdened with debts which render the ownership to a large extent merely nominal, while all the expenses incident to the whole estate fall upon the proprietor. He has to pay for the collection of the whole rental, for the reparation and maintenance of all the farms, for the support of his dignity, measured by the extent of his estate not by the net rental he can retain for his own benefit, although his own beneficial interest in the rental may not exceed, or may not amount to one-half of it. Then mortgage-money is frequently called in as the owners of it require its use for other purposes, when a new loan, involving considerable legal and other expenses, has to be obtained.

When such be the position of a landowner, is it surprising that his land is undrained, or that any other landlord's improvements demanding considerable outlays are unperformed? Can such proprietors expect to obtain the best classes of tenants to occupy their farms? And the nominal owner of a large estate is commonly most tenacious of his semi-feudal privileges; he is most unwilling to grant leases to his tenants, he is most anxious to preserve game, to the detriment of his tenants' crops, and more than all he is anxious to exercise political influence, by controlling and directing his tenants' votes. These are privi-

leges which usage and custom have annexed to an ownership, even the most nominal, of landed property. For the sake of them, hundreds of landowners cling to the shell—the nominal ownership—long after the substance of an estate has vanished into the pockets of the mortgagees. In a case under our own observation, a landowner held on a large estate, subject to incumbrances so heavy that the whole income was insufficient to pay the annual interest of the incumbrances, and the difference was made up by an annual fall and sale of timber; after a time that resource failed, the estate having been stripped of its saleable timber, and the property was then perforce sold to a wealthy brewer. And when we regard the operation of borrowing money on land in a businesslike and practical point of view, it will be obvious that, like gambling, it must, if persisted in, end in ultimate ruin. Land cannot be purchased to pay more than £3 per cent. per annum on the capital so invested; and whether the actual possessor or his great-grandfather acquired the estate for this purpose makes no difference, but money cannot be borrowed upon mortgage for less than £4 or £4. 10s. per cent. per annum; so that, while the land representing a given amount of capital nominally retained by the landowner returns him only £3 per cent. for the capital he has borrowed for the sake of retaining such a nominal ownership he pays £4, or £4. 10s., or £5 per cent. Is it difficult to predict how such operations will end? Where the estate is considerable, and the successive proprietors are not very extravagant or unlucky, this sort of thing may go on for several generations, but the end is, nevertheless, inevitably the same. Conveyancers and others engaged in the investigation of titles to landed property, know that mortgages are never paid off until the estate finally passes by sale into the hands of a new proprietor.

Such are some of the evils incident to the incumbered ownership of land, in cases where the owner being, subject to his incumbrances, absolute owner, might, had he the moral courage, free himself from his entanglements by selling all, or, where not too deeply involved, a part of his estate. But then he would cease to be a landowner, or a great landowner, or so great a landowner as he had hitherto appeared to be; and hence comparatively few landowners sell until compelled by absolute necessity, which usually assumes the form of inability to borrow more money on mortgage, or to keep down the interest on existing mortgages.

The great bane, however, of English real property consists in the settlements and entails which the law permits, and by which most estates of any size are trammelled. Property may by law be settled for any number of lives in existence at the time of the settlement, and until some person to whom an interest is limited, being then unborn, shall attain the age of twenty-one years. Practically, an estate for life may be given to A, the father, for his life, with remainder to his eldest son B, for his life, with remainder to his (B's) first son (he having then no son) in tail, and so on. Possibly B, the son, may be an infant, a few weeks or a few years old. Now, A, having only a life interest in the property, without power to dispose of any part of it, if he has other children, will certainly not apply his savings, if he makes any, or his other resources, to the improvement of the settled estate, which goes to his eldest son. Then B, when in due course he succeeds his father, is in the same predicament. He is probably married, and has younger children as well as an eldest son, who takes the settled estate, and B again has no motive to improve, but the contrary. But B, having been for some years next in succession to the settled estate, and having received probably only a moderate allowance from his father, who was saving for his younger children, had contracted some debts from which, out of his income, even after he had succeeded to the settled estate, he could not relieve himself without more of abstinence than he cared to submit to; but he looks to the time of his eldest son [unborn at the time of the settlement] attaining his majority, when B and his eldest son together can, by a legal operation, bar the entail, and acquire an absolute ownership. The ordinary arrangements made in such cases are these: the entail is barred, and B and his son, having between them obtained the unrestricted ownership, a sum of money is raised by mortgage to pay off B's debts, and to pay the son's college debts, or as a bonus to him for having joined in barring the entail, or perhaps to enable him to marry; and charges, to commence at B's death, in favour of his wife and younger children, are imposed on the estate. Then, subject to such mortgage and charges, the estate is re-settled; that is, B takes a life interest, with remainder to the son for his life, with remainder to his first son (then unborn) in tail, with, as the lawyers say, "divers remainders over." Thus, when B's eldest son succeeds to the settled estate, he finds the mortgage-debt, and the portions of his brothers and sisters, fixed as permanent incumbrances on the property, which have rendered him to some extent a nominal owner. By the time his eldest son attains his majority, there will probably be debts of the father to be paid off, more money to be raised for the benefit of the son, and a fresh crop of younger children to be portioned, all which objects will be effected by another barring of the entail and another re-settlement of the estate, subject to fresh as well as the old incumbrances. Of course, the beneficial interest of each succeeding owner becomes "small by degrees and beautifully less," until, should not the daughter of a millionaire be caught by some one of the successive owners, after a few generations, though a territorial estate may remain in nominal ownership, the nominal owner is himself on the verge of poverty.

What will be the condition of the tenants on the estate during this long lingering period of decadence may be imagined; and it will be a part of the purpose of these papers to show the modes in which incumbered estates and settled estates, and the incidental consequences of incumbrances and settlements obstruct and prevent agricultural improvement and production. The field is a wide one, the instances we shall gather will be numerous, diverse, and occasionally startling.

Intimately connected with the feudalism of our real property law, is that truly Draconic and oppressive code called the Game Laws—"a bastard slip," as Blackstone, in his "Commentaries," tells us, of the forest laws which the Norman conquerors introduced to this country, and "founded on the same unreasonable notions of property in wild creatures," both being "productive of the same tyranny to the Commons." The social and moral evils inflicted on the farmers and farm-labourers through the game laws and game preserving, as well as the pecuniary losses caused by game, and for the sake of game, will often form prominent topics.

Nor shall we overlook such points of practical husbandry as have a general interest, or indicate the progress of production, or the wants and wishes, the fears or the opinions, of the industrious classes engaged in cultivating the

soil, or the landed proprietors, who gather so largely of the fruits of the soil in the shape of rent.

The reader who will follow us through these papers will find nothing more certainly demonstrated, in various forms and under widely-differing circumstances, than the fact that the aggregation of large masses of land in the hands of individuals, for which our aristocratic classes are so eager, is not conducive to the progress of the nation, the wealth of the landowners, or the wellbeing of the industrious classes.

SWIMMING FOR WOMEN.

HERMAN MELVILLE, in one of his delightful romances, draws a charming picture of a young Polynesian woman sitting watchful on the rocks overshadowing a quiet pool, while her infant sprawls and splutters in the water below, learning unconsciously from Nature, not unlike a young frog, how best to steer its way in the world of waters. As this is done at a very early age, the little creature learns to swim even before it can walk, and so grows up into a fascinating kind of amphibious animal, as much at home in the water as on the land. And do not all South-Sea travellers—those luckiest of a lucky race—speak rapturously of the shoals of dark-skinned maidens who come swimming round the ship, like so many dusky naiads, their long black tresses floating on the water behind them, and their pliant limbs cutting through the waves with no more trouble than a bird's wing through the air?—accounts of actual life which make Grecian fable true, and give reality to the beautiful legends of Germany. Now, we staid English people need not go to quite this length. We need not attempt the wholesale submersion of our infant population, save in tubs and nursery-baths; nor need our fair friends at Brighton and Hastings swim out to meet their brothers and cousins coming home in the great East Indiaman yonder. Beautiful as the sight would be—superior to the South-Sea islanders in picturesqueness, if not equal in poetry, it would not be exactly the kind of thing one would court as a trait of national manners; wherefore our illustration from the Pacific is not meant as an argument for St. George's Channel. But there is a circle within this wide outer range, a little land-locked bay that is not the illimitable ocean. Granting that it would not be desirable to send out our wives and sisters, as the heralds of the home-welcome, in gay-coloured water costume, like a bed of floating tulips, we might at least teach them how to keep from drowning, if, by chance, they got into deep water when no aid was near, and how to manage, so that they would not drown others who might venture out to assist them. In general, it is a work of infinite peril to attempt to save any unfortunate man or woman who does not know how to swim. Their frantic efforts, their wild clutchings, and the tremendous force which terror gives to the grasp, frequently prove fatal even to the stalwart men and accomplished swimmers, who might have saved a score of persons had they known how to have accepted aid. Scarcely a summer passes without some terrible catastrophe on the Cumberland lakes, or in the quieter bays along the coast. Now a mother and her daughters,—now two poor young ladies bathing by themselves in all fancied security, both from danger and discovery,—now a whole family, sister, brother, father,—or a pleasure-party wrecked close to the land, and on a perfectly still day, yet all drowned, except, perhaps, a boy who can barely save himself, or a man, a good swimmer, who, more cautious than many, distrusts his power to save himself or others, if over-weighted and impeded by frantic women clinging closely to him. But these shocking catastrophes produce no practical results towards prevention. They go the round of the newspapers, and everyone cries "How dreadful!" and women's eyes grow moist at the breakfast-table as the sad story strikes home, and happy hearts, rich in love, realize the sorrow of those bereaved so cruelly. Sometimes a daily paper or a weekly periodical finds a leader or an article on the tragedy; perhaps a poet publishes a sonnet or an ode; and there the matter ends. Society has felt—the press has spoken; and emotion and speech are then laid aside until another occasion arises, when they reappear as good as new, and perform all their offices over again.

We are generally active enough in our busy English life; and when once an idea strikes its roots into the public mind, it spreads and grows with irresistible power. But how to get the seed fairly sown? How to influence people to active energy? How to overcome that terrible disinclination to added labour of an overtasked race? We all dread any increase to our work—the idle classes themselves having plenty of vicarious self-imposed duties to perform; and as even swimming-baths and classes must be organized before they can be established, and fathers and mothers must "see about it" before their daughters and young sons are suffered to undertake a new occupation, and as the subject does not press, and there is no hurry, and some of us think the idea queer and the practice equivocal, it gets put off from day to day, from month to month, and finally from year to year; in fact, until a terrible accident sets us all thinking again—"What a good thing it would be if every man, woman, and child in England knew how to swim!" We have plenty of means and opportunities for this, if we would only make use of them,—lakes and rivers for the inland counties, and the broad sea-coast within a few hours' journey from everywhere. Bathing is popular; sailing and rowing are popular; but swimming has been undeservedly neglected, as a matter of general education, even for men, while of women the average of those who can sustain themselves in the water with the most ordinary presence of mind, is wonderfully small for a nation of out-of-door "Amazons," as the French delight to call us. Now, there is no reason whatever why women should not be taught to swim. There is nothing specially masculine in the art of bearing oneself with courage and safety through the water; and anything which tends to the better development of the body, or the greater power of self-preservation, belongs as much to one sex as to the other. The contrary opinion would inevitably lead one, by that "inexorable logic" of which we can never rid ourselves, to the golden lilies of the Chinese, and the acceptance of cramped feet as the special and graceful characteristic of a noble womanhood. We have yet to learn why women, having four limbs, like the rest of us, may not learn to use them in the most satisfactory manner pointed out by Nature; and what there is in swimming more essentially unwomanly than there is in bathing, walking, rowing, or riding?

The French, who are very much less "advanced" than we in the physical robustness and energy of their women, have yet numerous swimming-baths for ladies, both in the Seine and on the seacoast, and the experiment has

been found to answer perfectly. Many English ladies of our own acquaintance have learned of them, to their great benefit and delight, including a proper womanly admiration of the costume, which is at once modest and coquettish, useful and jaunty, as the French understand so well how to arrange. Indeed, the outward symbols of any movement must be picturesque and well contrived, to be generously received in France; and neither swimming-classes for ladies, nor gymnastics, would have got much patronage there, if the milliner had not been first called in to stitch the banner into fashionable shape. *Le chic* could not be dispensed with, even in a bathing-dress. We also have tried the same experiment, more than once, but the thing has never thoroughly taken; and save in a few isolated instances here and there, English women have eschewed swimming as an exercise quite foreign to their nature, and not at all requisite to their needs. Not that the idea is new, or that it has not been actually tried; indeed, at one time, it seemed to make more way than at present, seeing that many years ago, on the occasion of one of the royal visits to the city (either in the early part of this, or the later years of the last reign), a certain "Swimming Company," consisting of so many ladies and so many gentlemen, applied to be admitted into the procession. The Lord Mayor refused, on the plea of the companies being already too numerous, but suggested that they should advertise a swimming match in the Thames, to divert a few of the spectators from the line of royal and civic transit. Since then the company seems to have pined away altogether, for want of public support; or if existing at all, existing only in the densest shade of retirement, unknown to the world at large, and destitute of both sympathy and patronage. But there are, we believe, in actual being and existence, certain swimming-baths for ladies somewhere about London, started on independent grounds, and as mere matters of private speculation; but these are so little notorious, that we are utterly unacquainted with their locality. If they exist at all, other than in mere idea, we shall be glad to know of them. They may be mere delusions altogether; echoes of a popular fancy—no more: anyhow they are not extensively known nor widely visited; and still the practice of women learning to swim, as a branch of general education, remains as far off as ever from a satisfactory conclusion.

There are many swimming-clubs about the country: one of the most notable of which is, perhaps, the "Clyde Swimming Club;" but these are exclusively for men, women being shut out as jealously from all participation therein, as from the house dinners of the Carlton, or the smoking-room of the Reform. And the point which we wish now to specially insist on is swimming for women; so that for a woman not to know how to swim would be as much a matter of "fickleness" and incapacity as if she did not know how to sew, and absolutely surrendered at a stile. As an exercise it is invaluable: as a guard against fatal results, in case of a sudden accident on the water, it is of course beyond dispute; it is at once healthful and useful, good for the body, and advantageous to everyone concerned, in times of peril or panic. How many hundreds of lives have been lost for want of this simple acquirement! What frightful tragedies have resulted from the least dangerous accidents, all because a few luckless creatures were never taught to use their limbs in the water, and lost their presence of mind as soon as the first shower of spray dashed up into their faces! To learn how to swim is, in reality, more essential than to learn how to ride: yet the one is as rare as mathematics and classics for women, the other as common as French and the pianoforte. We have not yet come to the right understanding of the law regulating fashion and national prejudice; if we had, our work would be comparatively easy, and society might be moved by a much easier leverage than now, when nothing can be done without a costly and cumbrous organization, with much expenditure of time, money, and influence.

INEDITED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 157.]

THE account which is given by one of the biographers of the impression Nelson made on Sir William Hamilton in his first interview, derives a special interest from the fact that the statement comes direct from Lady Hamilton, under whose inspiration the biography was written. "Sir William," says the writer, "on returning home, after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man that England had ever produced. 'I know it from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus.' This is, doubtless, true in the main, but it is, possibly, a little exaggerated in the language; and the reader cannot fail to be struck by the remarkable inconsistency of character exhibited by Sir William, whose sagacity in detecting from a few words of conversation qualities that were one day to "astonish the world," is singularly contrasted with his weakness in making such a parade before his wife of the new-comer's merits, and in bringing him home to his house, contrary to his usual custom. Sir William was at this time sixty-three years of age, and had been married two years, his relations with Lady Hamilton, however, having extended over a longer period. It is unquestionably a fair evidence of ability and integrity of life, that Sir William Hamilton held the post of English Minister at the Court of Naples for thirty-six years; and if, on the other hand, we have a set-off in the facility of his nature concerning other matters, we must endeavour to adjust the balance as equitably as we can. The discernment he displayed in reference to Nelson may not, after all, have been so profound as it is here represented; for the same authority furnishes us with reason to suspect that the hero may have himself suggested the prophecy with which the Minister awakened the curiosity of his wife. Nelson, it seems, was as much taken with Sir William as Sir William was with Nelson, and addressed him in these terms:—"You are a man after my

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own heart; you do business in my own way; I am now only a captain, but, if I live, I will be at the top of the tree." By an easy figure of rhetoric, the top of the tree became magnified into something that was to astonish the world.

There is no ground for supposing that Nelson was captivated by Lady Hamilton at first sight, as has been hastily asserted. On the 14th of September he conveyed his first impressions of her in a few lines to his wife. "Lady Hamilton," he writes, "has been wonderfully kind and good to Josiah. She is a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honour to the station to which she has been raised." The Josiah mentioned in this passage was Mrs. Nelson's son by her former husband. Lady Hamilton at this time was twenty-nine, and in the zenith of her beauty. With strong natural talents, she had begun life under circumstances which placed education beyond her reach, and it was not until she formed that connection from which she had, only within the previous three or four years, been withdrawn by Sir William Hamilton, that she enjoyed an opportunity of improving her knowledge or cultivating her tastes. Her progress, especially in music, was surprising; and the exquisite perfection of her form, which had previously attracted the admiration of English artists, acquired additional graces from her studies of drapery from classical originals in Italy. She had great skill in singing, considerable powers of mimicry, and possessed all the requisites of voice, person, and delivery for a consummate actress. Mr. Pettigrew tells us that he had often heard from the Duke of Sussex of "the wonderful effect produced by the combined vocal powers of Lady Hamilton and Mrs. Billington," when they used to sing together at Lady Hamilton's parties at Naples; and Romney, the painter, speaks with enthusiasm of her acting in private, in London, before several people of fashion, just before her marriage. "She performed," he says, "both in the serious and comic, to admiration, both in singing and acting; but her Nina surpasses everything I ever saw, and, I believe, as a piece of acting, nothing ever surpassed it." The effect she produced is described as unprecedented. She became the talk of the whole town, and the most tempting proposals were made to her to turn her abilities to account. "Gallini," says Romney, "offered her two thousand pounds a year, and two benefits, if she would engage with him; on which Sir William said, pleasantly, that he had engaged her for life." Romney himself was one of the most enthusiastic of her admirers. She was, as Hayley, describes it, not only Romney's model but his inspirer. From her he drew his greatest examples of womanly loveliness in form and expression; and her features may be traced in his Joan of Arc, his Magdalen, the Pythian Priestess on her Tripod, St. Cecilia, Cassandra, and many others.

Upon Nelson's arrival in the Bay of Naples, the King was so anxious to hear the news from Toulon that he went afloat, and sent for the captain of the *Agamemnon*. On the following day, Nelson attended His Majesty at Portici, and on the 15th the King visited him on board his vessel, and afterwards received him at dinner, placing him on his right hand at table, before the Ambassador and all the nobility present. Nelson furnishes all these details in his letters to his wife, and to his uncle, Mr. Suckling, and speaks with particular emphasis of the attention bestowed upon him by Sir John Acton. "The Prime Minister, who is an Englishman, Sir John Acton, Bart.," he writes to his uncle, "makes much of us. We are called the Preservers of Italy. I am to carry the handsomest letter that can be penned, in the King's own hand, to Lord Hood, and six thousand Neapolitan troops, to assist in preserving our possession." He reckoned without his host with respect to the troops; but the letter more than fulfilled his expectations. Writing to his wife on the same day, he says that he was indebted for this letter to Sir William Hamilton and Sir John Acton. Nelson was in error in speaking of the latter gentleman as an Englishman. His family were English, but he was himself born at Besançon, in 1736. Having early acquired a reputation for ability in naval affairs, he was employed to reorganize the Neapolitan navy, and showed so much activity in that office that he was promoted to the office of Minister of Marine. He was a man of great ambition, and is said not to have hesitated at any means that offered to advance his influence at Court. Step by step he absorbed the whole power of the state; was not only Minister of Marine, but also Minister of War; afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs; was then made a General, which placed the army in his hands; and finally was called to the head of the Ministry, which was formed of creatures of his own. He is accused by General Pèpé of sacrificing the interests of Naples to personal objects; but the state in which he found the Court shows that the line he adopted was in a great measure indispensable to the safety of the kingdom. A strong ruling mind was wanted, and he supplied the desideratum. The Queen was proud, and had a strong will, and an inordinate love of power; but she could not have accomplished anything without a capable minister. Ferdinand was a weak, foolish prince, entirely abandoned to pleasure. Sir John Acton said of him that he was a good sort of man enough, because Nature had not supplied him with the faculties necessary to make a bad one; which seems to express all that is necessary about him in a few words. The Queen attended to public business, and found in Sir John Acton a zealous and competent adviser. When the French Revolution broke out, and her sister, Marie Antionette, fell a victim to the popular passions, Her Majesty, incensed and alarmed, made preparations to take part in the great European movement, but was overawed by a fleet of French vessels which was sent into the Bay of Naples by the Republic. Through Sir John Acton, however, she entered into a secret league with England; and when Nelson arrived with

the news of the occupation of Toulon, immediate measures, as we have seen, were taken to carry its provisions into effect.

While Nelson was lying in the bay, information arrived that a French man-of-war, and three sail under her convoy, had anchored under Sardinia. Sir John Acton forwarded this intelligence at once to Nelson, who, although his ship was unfit for such a service, having nearly a hundred sick on board, set sail within two hours afterwards. The suddenness of this movement disappointed him of a grand festival he had planned in honour of the King, who was to have been entertained on board that very day. In the morning the ship was full of company, who had come to breakfast, preliminary to the arrival of the King: Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the Bishop of Winchester, Mrs. North and family, Lord and Lady Plymouth, Earl Grandison and his daughter, and many others. In the midst of the gaiety, the news of the appearance of the French on the opposite coast descended like a shell upon the merry company, and the party was instantly broken up. Nelson failed in his efforts to discover the French. He suspected that they had either got into Leghorn, or were housed in some port of Corsica; and after cruising about in vain, he put into the former port, partly, as he tells us, on account of his poor sick men. It is from this place he addresses Sir William Hamilton in the first letter of our inedited collection. It runs as follows:—

LEGHORN, September, 27th, 1793.

DEAR SIR,—I came in here Tuesday evening, having seen nothing of the vessels I went after; nor are they arrived here. In my hurry of sailing I find I had brought away a butter-pan. Don't call me an ungrateful guest for it; for I assure you I have the highest sense of your and Lady Hamilton's kindness, and shall rejoice in an opportunity of returning it. I am here not a little teased by *L'Imperieuse* French frigate of forty guns, who is going to sea. I have given notice to the governor of my intention to go to sea every hour since my arrival; therefore I shall not remain one moment after he is adrift. I will not break the neutrality of the port, but in the present case, with such people, a laudable license may be taken. If I can lay hold of him, the two Courts may negotiate for his restitution. What may happen to me, I am indifferent to, if it will serve our country; at all risks I will not suffer a ship, nothing better than a pirate, to get loose amongst our trade. Only yesterday the crew reduced the captain to be sergeant of marines, made the sergeant lieutenant of marines, and the lieutenant of that corps to be captain of the ship. With no small difficulty the captain got on shore, but not a rag of clothes will his miscreants give him. Since I have been here two French row-boats have been laying outside the Malora, and to-day an English ship has sailed, upon which, if necessary, I shall ground a defence of my conduct. He has five hundred men, and says he will board me if I put to sea after him. I shall most assuredly give him the opportunity, if he pleases. She is a most noble frigate, of twenty-eight 18-pounders on her main deck. One of my Ragusa vessels, I find, is liberated, although bound to Marseilles, the property being Turkish, Mr. Adney tells me. I sail to-morrow for Toulon, and if this Frenchman is not gone, shall endeavour to lay in his route.

I beg my respectful compliments to Lady Hamilton, and that you will believe that I consider myself your much obliged,

HORATIO NELSON.

Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

They tell me the Neapolitan squadron was between Gorgona and Cape Corse on Wednesday morning.

The Ragusa vessel was the ship he had intercepted on his way to Naples, and sent into Leghorn to be examined. The vessel was cleared by the authorities, and the expected prize was lost.

The next letter, or rather portion of a letter—for it seems to be only the fifth page of a communication which occupied a sheet and a half—bears no date: the date having been written, as usual, on the first page. But some hand—probably that of Sir William Hamilton, to whom it was addressed—has supplied the deficiency, by inserting at the foot "September, 1793."

The sending off the prints adds to the kindness I have already received from you and Lady Hamilton. I have sent 20 dollars; I do not know if I am right in my calculation. I shall go off Monti Christi when I shall hear something, and shall act accordingly. I know we carry the good wishes of yourself and Lady Hamilton, which will be of more service to us than all the masses. Thanks about the water. Before you get this letter I shall be under sail. My poor fellows, when I told them the service they were going on, said they would exert themselves to the utmost. Please to put in your letter to Lord Hood where I am gone.

Believe me, dear Sir, your most obliged,

HORATIO NELSON.

An interval of eight months occurs between the date of this letter and that of the next. In the mean time Nelson had not been idle. After remaining a few days at Toulon he was sent to Sardinia with secret orders, and off the coast fell in with a French squadron, consisting of three frigates, a corvette, and a brig; and immediately chasing one of the frigates, a severe action ensued, which lasted nearly four hours. The enemy was so much disabled as to be obliged to relinquish the engagement; and the *Agamemnon*, having her main-top-mast shot to pieces, and her main-mast, mizen-mast, and fore-yard badly damaged, was unable to continue the pursuit. After this incident Lord Hood ordered Nelson to take the command of a squadron of frigates off Corsica and the adjoining shore of Italy, to protect our trade, and look out for certain frigates which were supposed to have gone in that direction. "These," says Nelson in one of his private letters, "are the ships I had a little brush with, joined with one or two others." While Nelson was engaged upon this duty, Toulon was evacuated. The Republican army invested the place on all sides but the sea, which was held by the English. Here Buonaparte, only three-and-twenty years old, distinguished himself, by his foresight and energy, as a captain of artillery, and was speedily raised to more important commands. It was impossible to defend Toulon without a powerful army; and every day more clearly demonstrated the hopelessness of the case. Finally it was determined at a council of war to evacuate the town, which resolution was carried into effect, but not without a terrible sacrifice of life,

owing mainly to the fury of the French troops, and the consternation of the wretched inhabitants. This was in December, 1793.

Early in the ensuing year, Nelson was cruising off Calvi with a small squadron, for the purpose of preventing the French from receiving supplies, and kept up a constant communication with General Paoli, between whom and Lord Hood a convention had just been concluded, by which the British agreed to assist the Corsicans in expelling the French from possession of the forts, Corsica being, under this convention, ceded to Great Britain. Nelson's work was incessant in watching the coast and harassing the enemy, which he did effectually. They had a warehouse at St. Fiorenzo, a harbour of great importance. With only 120 men, Nelson landed, destroyed the warehouse, burned the mill, and threw the flour into the sea, before the French could bring up their force, amounting to 1,000 men, to oppose him. In three weeks afterwards, St. Fiorenzo was besieged and taken. Nelson kept a journal at this time, in which he noted down, almost daily, every occurrence that took place; and there is scarcely an entry in which we do not find some signal damage inflicted on the enemy. On the 6th of February, for example, he lands at Centuri, takes possession of the town and harbour, and burns six polacres, four of them loaded with wine for the French ships; on the 8th, he lands at Maginaggio, and burns eight sail of vessels, takes four, and destroys 1,000 tons of wine; on the 12th, he attacks a courier-boat, and carries her after a sharp contest; and on the 19th he lands at L'Avasina, takes the Tower of Miamo, and drives the enemy within gun-shot of Bastia.

These are only a few illustrative incidents out of the daily round of activity in which he was engaged. He fulfilled his orders so successfully, allowing neither troops nor provisions to enter Corsica, nor frigates to come out, that Lord Hood appointed him to a similar duty off Bastia.

[ERRATUM.—We are obliged to a correspondent for drawing our attention to an accidental error, which escaped us in the correction of the proof, in the introduction to the "Inedited Letters of Lord Nelson." It occurs in the first column, where it is stated that "Two years later the scene is changed to Antigua." It ought to be "one year later." Nelson, in fact, was in Antigua in less than a year after his St. Omer attachment, and remained some months beyond the year, his first letter about Mrs. Moutray being dated September, 1784; and his last May, 1785; so that when he formed an attachment for Mrs. Nisbet in the following November, it was little more than six months "after the death of the 'tamarind-tree.'" With this correction, the dates are strictly accurate.]

[To be continued.]

RAMBLES BY RAIL.—No. III.

BY THE GREAT WESTERN, TO TENBY.

THE southern portion of the county of Pembroke is, perhaps, the most peculiar district in Britain. Although situated at the furthest extremity of Wales, English is the language universally spoken by its inhabitants. From this circumstance it has been called "Little England beyond Wales." Its people, however, are not of English extraction. They are the descendants of those Anglo-Normans and Flemings who, in the twelfth century, took possession of the country, and were the chief means of subduing Ireland and Wales to the English Crown. And they retain to the present day characteristics of this origin,—in their vocabulary, in their manners, in their personal appearance, in the very tone of their voices. Amongst the notables South Pembroke has produced are St. David, as saint; Giraldus Cambrensis, as historian; Henry the Seventh, as king; the Lady Nesta and Lucy Waters (mother of the unfortunate Monmouth), as beauties; Robert Recorde, as a man of science; and Thomas Picton, as a warrior.

The scenery of the country is unique. Its coast is stern, gloomy, and iron-bound, with cliffs of so imposing a grandeur as to have excited the enthusiasm of rough old Fuseli in such a manner that it was with difficulty he was restrained from casting himself headlong from their summits. In the interior the landscape, always and everywhere distinguished for its excellent proportion, gives an impression I have nowhere else experienced, that it is continually haunted by the "genius" of the place—and seems to have a kind of innocent *naïveté* quite peculiar to itself. Remains of antiquity scattered over the land—monuments raised by Druid hands of old; Danish encampments; rude Mediæval churches; castles of historic note crumbling into decay;—all tend to heighten the feeling and to increase the charm.

It is in this interesting locality, at a distance of nearly 300 miles from the metropolis, that TENBY is situated.

The railway does not extend to the town, but ceases 12 miles off, on the shores of Milford Haven. Thence the traveller, having crossed the harbour in a steamer, takes coach, and in an hour and a half alights at Tenby. Or,—

He leaves the train at Narbuth-road Station, and proceeds in one of the conveyances that there await his arrival.

The little town is very ancient. It runs along the margin of a small but lofty peninsula which juts out into the Bristol Channel, and which tradition holds to be the sacred island fabled to have wandered, like the Ark of old, from place to place, and finally to have become stationary, "on the border of the flood," in the place it now occupies. It was certainly of importance amongst the Welsh, and when at length it fell into the hands of their successors, it was strongly fortified, and made one of the most impregnable fortresses in South Wales. At present it has no claims to consideration in that respect, but is held in high estimation as the *premier* watering-place of Wales. In the wintry months it looks down upon the everlasting turmoil of waters that surround it, and is, in the highest degree, wild and grand and solitary. Towards the end of May there is a change. It has become calm, sweet, and beautiful, and leaves an impression not unlike that excited by the gray dawn, on a spring morning, when birds, flitting from tree to tree, shake off the dew from the branches. The little town has been cleaned and garnished; bathing-machines are then taken out of their winter quarters, and brought down to the beach; and flies make their first appearance in the "Square." Visitors begin to come in, and the arrival of coaches from the railway station is watched with much anxiety by lodging-house keepers. In the middle of August the case is different.

The season is then at its height. Most houses are full, or have had people "in," and coaches are consequently looked upon with some indifference. In the mornings the streets are filled with strange faces. Some are leaving in flies, on an excursion to the caves or castles, for which the district is renowned; some, with fishing-lines and guns, are finding their way to the pier, to embark for a day's fishing in the bay; some, provided with jars, hammers, and chisels, are setting out on a zoological expedition, or intend taking a geological survey of the neighbourhood. The sands are alive with promenaders. Bathing-machines are in constant requisition, and "Old Mary," the bathing-woman, has more work than she can do. Gentlemen with telescopes perch themselves on the rocks, and seem much interested in the ships traversing the bay; ladies, with their hair hanging over their backs to dry, walk about in *dishabille*, or sit sketching the ruins on St. Catherine's Rock. The evenings are devoted to the arrangement of aquaria, the mounting of ferns, or the cataloguing of geological specimens. Those, however, who are not scientifically inclined, get books from the circulating library, or walk on the Croft, to listen to the band. Balls occasionally take place, and then the little town is astir till a late hour in the morning, and every fly and sedan-chair is put into use; bazaars, in aid of the funds of some charitable institution, now and then give the ladies an extraordinary opportunity of being at once useful and interesting; and, once a year, horse-races bring together the "county" families, who take lodgings for a week, and thus have an agreeable annual *réunion*.

There are three hotels at Tenby, and ample accommodation for those who prefer private lodgings. The hotel-charges are reasonable, and apartments can be obtained at prices varying from one to twelve pounds a week. The town, as already observed, did not spring up to suit the convenience of visitors; it has, however, considerably modified itself to meet their wants. No speculator has Barnumized it into notice; but it is interesting, and must be valued, for what Nature and the past have bestowed upon it. It possesses, indeed, every advantage that Nature can give,—fine sands, transparent water, a commanding situation, fine scenery, and a genial climate. Yet it still wants many of those conveniences that towns of less pretensions have to offer, and that Tenby must have before it can justly be considered, what its admirers often term it,—"the gem of British watering-places."

Those who run down to Tenby, with a return-ticket for a week, will be able to pass away two days very agreeably in the examination of the town and its vicinity, and in fishing in the bay. The neighbourhood, however, has very much to show of the grand and beautiful, and the remaining time may be most advantageously spent in visiting the places I have set down in the following—

ITINERARY.

First Journey.		Third Journey.	
TENBY to—	Miles.	TENBY to—	Miles.
Scotsborough.....	1½	Stackpole Court	15
Gumfreston	2	St. Govan's	17
St. Florence	4½	Stack Rocks	18
Carew Castle	6		
Pembroke Dock.....	10½		
Second Journey.		Fourth Journey.	
TENBY to—	Miles.	TENBY to—	Miles.
Lydstep Caverns	4	Saundersfoot	3
Manorbeer Castle	5	St. Issells	4
Lamphey Palace	8½	Amroth (Submarine Forest) 5	
Pembroke	10		

Reviews of Books.

ONE OF GEORGE THE THIRD'S BISHOPS.*

RICHARD HURD was the son of a farmer in Staffordshire. He was born in 1720, and died in the year 1808, Bishop of Worcester, over which see he had presided for nearly twenty-seven years. He began life without a friend or patron; and by his talents as a writer, his gifts as a preacher, his acquirements as a scholar, and his virtues as a clergyman, he became first a rector at Thureaston, then preacher at Lincoln's-inn, then Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, then Bishop of Worcester, and finally, as a prime favourite of the king and queen, was tendered the archiepiscopal mitre of Canterbury,—an honour which he magnanimously declined.

The sovereign, and the prime minister, the highest, the noblest, and the greatest in the land, all delighted in honouring the man of humble birth; and to his credit must it be recorded, the advancement gained by him, and the respect testified for him, were acquired by no unworthy means. He won them fairly and retained them reputably. Nature seemed to have formed the farmer's son to be an episcopal ornament in the midst of a courtly circle; and he preserved as he had attained his position by no sycophantic arts, but by a strict and scrupulous guardianship over his own self-respect. How complete he was a courtier, and how well he could keep the court secrets, the present interesting volume demonstrates.

Amongst other proofs of the high estimation in which he was held by George III. was his selection to fill, in the year 1776, the difficult and responsible office of Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. What must this modern Seneca have thought of the two little scampish Neros that were entrusted to him? What tales he could have told of them, as times and circumstances developed their evil dispositions! What must have been his conscientious convictions respecting the young sensualist George, and the juvenile profligate Frederick? The biographer has little to tell on these points, and the secret thoughts of the episcopal preceptor cannot be disinterred from the grave. The only written record of Doctor Hurd's opinions concerning the royal pupils is contained in the two following brief extracts; the first dated in the year 1776, and the second in 1777:—

"The young princes (I do not say it for form's sake, and in the way of compliment), are extremely promising.

"Dr. Ogden sent me his sermons on the articles of the Christian faith. I am

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester; with a Selection from his Correspondence and other Unpublished Papers. By the Rev. Francis Kilvert, M.A., Editor of the "Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton." London: Richard Bentley. 1860.

delighted with them. They will do infinite service at Cambridge and elsewhere. I sent him word I should put them into the princes' hands, when they had finished Archbishop Secker."

What a study for an historical painter!—the coy, prim, maidenly Hurd presiding over the religious reading of poor Caroline of Brunswick's future husband, and Mary Anne Clarke's "gentleman!"

The Bishop's forte was "the portraiture of characters." How well and how accurately he could have depicted his royal pupils, if he had chosen to do so! We know, from the literary remains of Dr. Parr, he was disliked by the Prince of Wales; and yet, all we can glean of Dr. Hurd's judgment concerning the young prince is to be found in the following scrap of an old woman's gossip, which is hidden in the *Addenda*, p. 378.

"My grandmother, Mrs. John Parsons, used to tell the following anecdote of the bishop. She described his manners as particularly soft and winning, his voice as low and musical. Shortly after his arrival at Hartlebury, she said to him one day as they were sitting together, 'How do you think your pupil His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will turn out?'—'My dear cousin,' the bishop replied, laying his peculiarly small white hand upon her arm, 'I can hardly tell; either the most polished gentleman, or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe,—possibly an admixture of both.'"

If we give full credit to the biographer of Doctor Hurd, we are bound to believe that he was a most mild, kind, and placable old gentleman, and at the same time a very eager disputant when the character of his friends was assailed, or their principles impugned. At the same time we find that the good bishop never boggled at the use of a harsh expression in reference to the living or the dead when he felt displeased with them. Is this apparent inconsistency—placidity of temper, with the use of vituperative phrases, and combativeness with the pen—a natural character? We believe it is. The amiability that will patiently bear with, or overlook the errors of those it loves, may exhibit a very fiery and even intolerant zeal when aroused by what it conceives to be the wilful perversity and deliberate injustice of strangers in whom it can see naught but faults, as it never has had the opportunity of being acquainted with their countervailing good qualities.

To the world, however—that world which remarks so much and thinks so little upon what mankind has the opportunity of observing, it will appear strange to see such uncharitable, unkindly, and intolerant phrases coming from the pen of one who is described as being a placid, good-natured, benevolent, and kind-hearted prelate.

We quote from the bishop's own letters:—

"To say the truth, there is a wondrous scarcity of reputable clergymen in this country; sober are rare, but learned I have not heard of one near me."—p. 11.

"To describe the curiosities of these two places [S. A. Fontaine's and Sir R. Walpole's] would require a volume. 'Tis most unfortunate that the masters of both of them are such rascals."—p. 12.

"The rest of that crew of miscreants."—p. 78.

"His infamous master."—p. 78.

"The meanest and most contemptible of all our princes."—p. 78.

"Something between a fox and a hyena."—p. 79.

"A she-monster."—p. 79.

"All I do know is, that he [Priestley] is a wretched coxcomb, and of a virulent spirit."—p. 106.

"You know my opinion of Dr. B. [Dr. Butler, the bishop of Oxford]; I doubt he is a prostitute man."—p. 114.

"When I blamed your friend of St. Asaph [Bishop Shipley], it was for preaching at all on such a subject. I never troubled myself about the side he took in the dispute. In good truth, the good man is a very coxcomb."—p. 115.

"His [Robertson, the historian] civility to Gibbon and Raynal make me suspect his religion to be of a piece with that of his friend Hume."—p. 132.

"I have very little kindness for any Scotch writer, except one or two, and for these only or chiefly because they have the feelings of men. Vanity, parade, false taste, and infidelity are the portion of the rest."—p. 133.

"That enemy of all godliness, David Hume."—p. 137.

"Priestley's nonsense is not to be wondered at; but his impertinence in sending it to me, and calling upon me to read it, shows him to be out of his mind. I suppose he was too fool enough to think I would dispute with him."—p. 145.

"His [Gibbon, the historian] loaded and luxuriant style is disgusting to the last degree; and his work is polluted everywhere by the most immoral as well as irreligious insinuations."—p. 167.

These specimens of the worthy Bishop's manner of dealing with those whose opinions he disliked will account for the warmth of the controversies in which he was engaged, and that at one period occupied no small share of attention in the literary and religious world. Unfavourable portraits of Bishop Hurd are to be found in the writings of Dr. Parr, and scattered through the letters of Horace Walpole, and yet no fitting memoir vindicating his memory, and demonstrating his intrinsic goodness, was published until the appearance of the present volume. We congratulate its author, the Rev. Francis Kilvert, upon the manner in which he has executed his self-imposed task. With few materials to work upon—for the career of Bishop Hurd was too prosperous to be eventful—he has contrived to compose a volume which will be read with pleasure by every man who has a taste for literature, and takes an interest in the studies of a most accomplished writer and a truly ripe scholar.

Could we afford the space, we would enrich our columns with extracts from the Letters and the Commonplace-Book of the Bishop. We cannot do so; but strongly recommend Mr. Kilvert's work to general perusal. It is a truthful book—interesting, amusing, and instructive.

FROM HAY-TIME TO HOPPING.*

THE title of this little book is a stroke of genius. It is full of pictures. It takes us at once into the country, and drops us in the very thick of rural pleasures and occupations. The breath of the fields and flowers comes upon us in the words; we hear the stroke of the woodman's axe, the chirping of birds, and the lowing of cattle; we see the loaded wain come rumbling through the ruts out of the farm-yard; haymakers and reapers are dancing the hay in and out of the printed letters; and the title-page is alive with long vistas of rich hop-boughs and blossoms, through which crowds of picturesque figures

* From *Hay-time to Hopping*. By the author of "Our Farm of Four Acres." London: Chapman & Hall.

may be seen clustered here and there under the shadows. We expect a book about country associations from the author of "Our Farm of Four Acres;" but whoever looks for a manual upon grass-lands and domestic brewing in the present volume will not find what he seeks. But he will find something a great deal better: a charming story, woven through a texture of pastoral scenes. The background is an English village, with its ancient church of dark-grey stone, protected by a massive square tower; fields, farms, green lanes, mansions, the park and the glebe, and all the other useful and decorative features of a bright, plentiful little settlement are scattered about; and the persons who contribute the human interest to the plot are the persons who, from time immemorial, appear to have constituted the "society" of such places, both above and below the salt,—such as the great family who live up at the "Court;" the "Brown-Haughtons," and the "Jones-Merediths," who are always in doubt whether they ought to visit the "new arrivals," and who are always to be found with their heads up in the air in small communities; the doctor, and his bustling, cheerful, talking, hearty wife, known all round the place for the good she does as the "doctress;" the clergyman; and a comprehensive variety of characters supplied by the rustic population in general. The story which runs the gauntlet through these people is a love-story—or rather a couple of love-stories, culminating at the close into a couple of weddings. The conduct of the story is exceedingly natural. There is nothing strained for effect. There is no false sentiment. Every person who is introduced does exactly what he, or she, would be likely to do in the tissue of circumstances in which he, or she, happens to be placed, just as if there were no such thing as a certain result to be brought about, in which the individual is to be subordinate to a grand coup for the glorification of the author. The story moves on of itself; very quietly, but always progressively. The conversations are so perfectly easy, and there is so little appearance of premeditation, or artifice, in the structure or management of the incidents, that we might fairly suppose the whole to be a direct transcript from actual life, if we did not know, paradox as it may seem, that a skilful fiction is often more true to life than particular realities.

Mr. Wilkie Collins, in the preface to his new novel, begs of the critics not to forestall his effects by telling his story. The authoress of this simple tale lays us under no such restraint, and, if we do not tell her story, it is not because we should have any apprehension of spoiling the interest of her book, but because the charm of the story so essentially depends upon its moral accessories, that we should fail to convey, by a mere outline of its events, which might be despatched in half a dozen lines, an adequate sense of its character, and still less of its merits. The frame, in this case, is indispensable to the picture.

One of the scenes that, by the sheer force of their truthfulness, will strike all readers who have any practical knowledge of the country, is the description of the harvest-supper. The circumstances leading up to it are depicted with surprising fidelity; the gabble of preparations, the small difficulties, the cross purposes, the expedients, and then the gathering itself, the hurry and flurry of spreading out a table on the lawn, large enough for all the guests, and, above all, the guests themselves—all presented in minute detail. We will give one passage, to show the insight which the author possesses into the modes of life she so happily delineates, and the excellent use she makes of it:—

"Seven o'clock was the hour fixed for the gathering: a little before that time, parties of three and four began to assemble on the lawn. How shy and yet how happy they looked as Henry shook each by the hand, hardened and bronzed by years of honest labour! The children clung to their mothers' gowns, and stared with looks of wonder and delight at the preparations for the supper. The lads, from sixteen to twenty, were the least at home; they hung down their heads when spoken to, and fingered the brims of their hats, as if they endeavoured to force from the hard felt a reply to the kind welcome they received. All the men were neat and clean, however humble their garb. Smock-frocks of blue and white were mostly worn, though some of the younger ones were smart in suits of black or green velvet; a few long-tailed black coats, too, could be detected amongst the guests, but they were mostly worn by men who had passed the boundary of middle life; the well-preserved garments appeared as if they might have been new when the slatternly-looking women by the side of the wearers were comely brides. I am sorry to record the fact, but middle-aged women in the country are almost invariably slovenly in appearance; and very rarely have I seen one who, at that period of life, can be called good-looking; hard work and scanty fare very soon destroy the comeliness they may once have possessed. . . . Yes; all but the young unmarried women who took their seats at that table were slatterns in appearance, and, with the faded ribbons in their shabby bonnets, light-clinging cotton dresses, and untidily-put-on shawls, offered an unfavourable contrast to their clean, decent, and suitably-attired husbands."

Other questions relating to the condition of the labouring classes, and many household problems in country districts, are touched upon in the course of this truthful little prose idyll.

A MODERN SOLDIER.*

If, on their own merits, modest men are dumb, T. H. Kavanagh, Esq., is not, strictly speaking, a modest man. On the contrary, without questioning his daring exploits and desperate adventures, we must confess that the style in which they are described has reminded us of characters, dramatic and historical, of one of whom it was said, "None but himself can be his parallel!" For example, there was one Parolles, a very bragging chap, and there was another, quite his equal, of the name of Bobadil, who slew men as the dog Billy used to settle rats, "Twenty more; kill them too!" Then there was a fat fellow called Falstaff, who boasted not a little; but Mr. Kavanagh, upon the whole, in his glorious achievements, might be more aptly compared with Coriolanus, for he fluttered the rebellious sepoys just as the Roman fluttered the Volscians, and might in like wise exclaim, "Alone I did it!"

For a reader's amusement, however, this enormous egotism rather adds to the attractions of the volume. If we are deeply interested in such extraordinary perils as befel, and such marvellous deeds as were performed, and have immortalized Ferdinand Mendez Pinto and the Baron Munchhausen; we cannot resist a like feeling in the narrative of "Luck-now Kavanagh," who, nevertheless is an extremely discontented individual, and complains

* How I won the Victoria Cross. By T. Henry Kavanagh, Esq., Assistant-Commissioner in Oudh. Ward & Lock.

bitterly of his ill luck now, and the ungrateful return awarded for his never-to-be-too-highly-appreciated services. We remember that the famous "Living Skeleton" was also a Kavanagh. Can it be possible that the directors of the East-India Company and Her Majesty's Government conspired to reduce T. H. to the miserable condition of his namesake? Colonel Sykes and Sir Charles Wood might be capable of so base an act, though our author has refrained from specifying it.

But, despite of its absurdities, there are many statements in this little volume which, coming from an eye-witness who knew India for nearly thirty years,—really mingled in the fray, and might indeed say, in his position, *quorum pars magna fui*, we will venture to touch upon, in the belief that they are sufficiently authentic and curious for popular notice. Mr. Kavanagh held a civil appointment in Lucknow when the rebellion broke out; having been, on the annexation of Oudh, in 1856, made superintendent of the office of the Chief Commissioner. When the siege began he enrolled himself among the gallant Volunteers who contributed their noble exertions and their blood to the defence. It was in this honourable career that he did his valiant deeds, for which the "Government did little to honour him,"—for which he did not get the Victoria Cross, the Court of Directors having refused to endorse Lord Canning's recommendation for that distinction,—for which he did get £2,000 and immense celebrity in private society,—and all which he was advised to write in a book to make patent and commemorate, as proven by the work before us.

His picture of Lucknow and the war, of slaughters and massacres, of terrible vengeance taken for Cawnpore (the extent of which he condemns), of sufferings too horrible to think upon, and his own grand portrait in the front of all, make up the exhibition. It is evident that he was the soul of valour, self-devoted to his country's cause, indefatigable, impetuous, heroic, and merciful, the directing spirit of the swelling tragedy; and that, what with directing the commanders, guiding the leaders in action, pointing out what ought to be done and what avoided, it might have gone hard with Lucknow, Oudh, and the Indian Empire, had he not been there to play the part he did. One feature is brought more prominently out than we have hitherto seen, namely, the inviolable attachment and fidelity of many of the natives, *employés* and servants, in the midst of the severest trials, and the treachery and desertion of so many of their companions. Surely this may be received as a sign that, with kind and judicious treatment, the future of our eastern world may be rested on bases more secure than those the overthrow of which led to the calamities here so painfully described. The illustrious efforts of Havelock, Outram, and, finally of the fine old Highland chieftain, are too well known to require more than reference. Hemmed in by a multitude of cruel enemies, and daily losing strength by fatal casualties and privations, the shade thickened over the devoted band that defended the last fortified posts of Lucknow. The doubt of succour, the alternation of hopes and fears, the dreadful apprehensions of a fate worse than death, which distracted the unhappy women shut up in the fortifications, though not preventing them from courageously administering to the necessities of the sick and wounded, and sharing the dangers of their husbands and brothers exposed to every contingency for life or death, offer a spectacle at which humanity might triumph while it wept.

It was near the end of this appalling state of things that Kavanagh tells us he volunteered to pass in disguise through the enemy's lines, and convey accurate information to Sir Colin Campbell of the true condition of the garrison, and guide him in the safest course to penetrate for its relief. The details are romantic. In company with a sepoy spy who had found his way in, Kavanagh deemed it possible, though desperately perilous, to find his way out. And so, having got the attempt sanctioned, he stained his face and hands of the "nigger" tint, and clothed himself after the Oriental fashion, and at midnight marched forward on his hazardous expedition. The details are flowery, and the incidents startling. Answering challenges from sentries and pickets, wading rivers and jheels or swamps, hiding and dodging, tend to a fortunate arrival in the morning at the British camp, where our hero is well received and cordially welcomed. No doubt the intelligence an individual in his position could furnish must have been most acceptable, and far superior to what could have been learned from a curt despatch or a common spy; but Mr. Kavanagh certainly rides the high-horse throughout, and forces us to misgive his story, from its being so awfully overlaid with assumptions of the inestimable importance of his interference with every person and on every occasion. He is in fact the *deus ex machina*, and all the rest merely agents, if not puppets, moved by him. We have said that Sir Colin Campbell gave him a cordial reception; and to rest him after his notable night's promenade he was put to bed in a darkened tent before proceeding to business. And now for a sample of the splendid flourish:—

"Aristomenes ventured alone, at night, to the city of Sparta, in a spirit of defiance, and fixed a shield on the Temple of Minerva, with an inscription, that he dedicated it to the goddess from the spoils of the Spartans. The renown of Horatius is greater now than when he defended the passage against the Etruscans, whilst the last beams of the bridge fell clashing into the river, to save his friends. The Romans nobly honoured him with a statue, and as much land as he could plough round in a day (what a fine estate such a process might attain even in Galway!); and every Roman subscribed the cost of a day's food to reward him. The noble Mutius, to deliver his country of a dangerous enemy, passed into the camp of Porsenna to kill him, and when brought before the king, he thrust his hand into the fire, and held it in the flame with unmoved countenance, exclaiming, 'See how little the tortures can avail to make a brave man tell the secrets committed to him!' The world has not yet forgotten the wild devotion of Decius and his son," &c. &c.

Now, the argument is, that these were poor affairs or extravagant bravados, and the author points the moral:—

"Yet the fame of their deeds has reached through the ruin of ages, to excite us to similar daring. Should I be remembered when the records of centuries are condensed for the instruction of youth? Should I be honoured with a statue (nothing of the ploughing-match), and would every Englishman subscribe the cost of a day's food to reward me?"

Alas! no: John Bull, we fear, is too fond of his inward man; and as for our statues, they are generally so bad that no sane person can be ambitious of the *are perennis* caricature.

The fighting in the streets of Lucknow, the butcherings and the plunderings, are sickeningly vivid:—

"The appalling sounds of cutting, hacking, and stabbing were heard all round,

with the dreadful screams of the combatants. 'Cawnpore, boys! Remember our women and children! Mercy! No mercy for you!'"

Miserable creatures! a day of retribution had come.

Kavanagh is the first to relieve the garrison, who greet him with three cheers; and he introduces Sir James Outram to Sir Colin Campbell:—

"I effected the grand object of my ambition [he adds]; I saved many lives, and the public treasure, amounting to over £300,000, and the Government of India gave me for this and the other more important services £2,000. Contrast this with the liberality of the public to Tom Sayers!"

Indeed, and indeed, we cannot. The task would distress us. We must withdraw from the contemplation of our mighty compatriot; but yet justice requires one quotation more:—

"I was engaged in a room with three swordsmen. I was so fortunate as to disable the first by a blow on the head, which broke my sword in two; the second, thinking me powerless, made a desperate cut at my neck, but I happily dealt him one across the face that rolled him on the floor. The third turned about; I pursued and stunned him by a blow on the head, and, as he fell, I stumbled forward in a gateway, and was instantly run over by several of the enemy, so frightened that they did not see me!"

Previous to this, one of his chief diversions was to meet the Pandies underground, where they were running their mining galleries, and shoot them there with revolvers. He has now gone back to India in a respectable official capacity, civil judge under the new régime, and we durst be sworn, should any other awful crisis arrive, he will be ready to perform as much again for his country's salvation and his own glorification.

LADY MORGAN.*

WHATEVER may have been Lady Morgan's faults, she was Irish to the heart's core, and, together with very considerable talent and vivacity, possessed many of the genial qualities of the soil. The space which she occupied for upwards of half a century in the literature of her country entitles her to a large measure of posthumous honour; and we rejoice to find her *éloge* pronounced by one who feels so warmly and can express himself so well. The champion of a lady may well be excused if he is occasionally more ardent than the canons of a rigid impartiality would perhaps justify. He rarely transgresses the bounds of good taste, and, except in one instance, is a candid and generous censor of the opponents of his friend.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's book is well adapted to extend Lady Morgan's fame amongst a class of society where her name has hitherto been no recommendation to a closer acquaintance. It is a most agreeable volume, and will find acceptance in all circles.

The life of a mere woman of letters is seldom diversified by the incidents or attachments which give a charm to female biography in general; but that of Lady Morgan was not without its romance. It may be questioned if any of her own novels can produce a "situation," so striking as that which occurred on the morning of her marriage with Sir Charles Morgan. It is related by Sir J. Emerson Tennent, who received this truth, stranger than any fiction, from the lips of the "fair inconstant" herself, at a period of her life when the *coulour de rose* had faded from her octogenarian cheek, and she could confess her frailty without a blush. When very young, she had formed a mutual engagement with a youth named Crossley, younger still, who shortly afterwards was appointed to a cadetship in the Indian army.

"The correspondence (proceeds Sir James) continued for some years, though so interruptedly that a considerable suspension took place, during which the lady's position and prospects had been continually rising, and her marriage was at length solemnized with Sir Charles Morgan. On the morning of the wedding, the post arrived before the procession to the church, and the sister of the bride took charge of her letters for Miss Owenson. These she opened on her return to the house; and amongst them was one from Crossley, accounting for his long silence by the anxieties of a period of uncertainty, which had now ended by his receiving some promotion in the army, and a staff appointment in the service of the Nizam. This was the long-looked-for point in his career, and, having at last attained independence, he wrote to claim the performance of their early engagement, and propose an immediate union."

It does not appear that "the brave Alonzo" took any further steps *vis-à-vis* of his Imogene, for the enforcement of the plighted vow; but if he ever did return, on such thoughts intent, and met the matured substance of his love's young dream, *en grand tenue*, at the Irish Court, as described in the following graphic sketch, the reader will scarcely wonder that no ghostly result ensued:—

"Here it was (says a correspondent of our author) that I saw Lady Morgan for the first time; and as I had long pictured her to my imagination as a sylph-like person, nothing could equal my astonishment when the celebrated authoress, *in propria persona*, stood before me. She certainly formed a strange figure in the midst of that dazzling scene of beauty and splendour. Every female present wore feathers and trains; but Lady Morgan scorned such appendages. Hardly more than four feet high, with a spine not quite straight, slightly uneven shoulders and eyes, Lady Morgan glided about in a close-cropped wig, bound by a fillet or solid band of gold, her large face all animation, and with a witty word for everybody."

The last twenty years of her life were spent in London, where she resided in a street adjoining Hyde-park, and gave her evenings entirely to social reunions of all kinds, but chiefly affected, like Tommy Moore, the company of the *Big-Wigs*.

"The guests (says her biographer) included nearly every person of hereditary or personal distinction. His Imperial Majesty, the present Emperor of the French, was a constant visitor. 'His mind,' said Lady Morgan, in conversation with a friend, 'seemed to be always laden heavily and working strongly. He would fall into frequent reveries, and I remarked that, whenever a knock came to the door, he always started strangely.'"

No doubt he thought he was "wanted," and that the *rap* came for him. We have no space for the fund of literary and miscellaneous gossip which relieves the graver parts of this publication, and renders it one of the most amusing volumes of the day.

The conclusion of the whole matter, or as Mr. Fitzpatrick has it, "the

* Lady Morgan: her Career, Literary and Personal. By William John Fitzpatrick, J.P. Skeet. London.

* Glimpse London: T.

great moral" of her ladyship's life, like that of Tom Sayers, may be summed up in one brief word—*pluck!* That was the secret of her success. To that is it owing that her executors were able to administer to so round a sum as sixteen thousand pounds. "Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito!"—Such was the device on her Amazonian *pelta*. Had she, at the beginning, yielded one foot of ground to those bad boys the reviewers—had she not risen more determined, after every fall, to "go in and win," her genius and her lore would have availed nothing. With some public favourites, "luck is all;" with Lady Morgan it was *pluck*.

And now, *longum vale!* we take our leave of her ladyship respectfully and kindly, with many thanks to her biographer for the pleasant hours we have enjoyed over his pages.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

"Down by the sea!" At this season of the year there is freshness and health in the very words; ay, and glorious music besides; for what music is like that slow, solemn grandeur of the waves breaking on a sandy beach, or the sharper, wilder note they strike on a rocky shore? Crowded concert-rooms and straining singers can be tolerated, nay appreciated, in winter, but the only thoroughly enjoyable music when the days are long and the sun shines bright in a sky all blue is that which Nature's musicians make in her vast cathedral,—and there is none in that orchestra so competent as the sea.

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

Or, if in the summer weather we reject the lotos eater's philosophy, and "go in" for other enjoyment than that which consists in "lying reclined,"

"With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream,"

where are we so likely to find amusing and instructive recreation as down by the sea? Almost every rock-pool is full of life. In this one the snub-nosed, large-eyed blenny, dear to drawing-room aquariums for its sociable disposition in confinement, but now as wild as the chamois of the Alps, darts about in fierce unrest; and the slow, ungainly crab is making frantic efforts to escape into some dark corner from the poke of your inquisitive stick. Here the tiny barnacle is incessantly thrusting forth his long feathery fingers, in search of invisible food; and there the brilliant plumes of the sepula, whose white and serpentine forms cover almost every stone in the pool, are continually in play. Glance into this other pool and you see an actinia—red, purple, violet, or fawn-colour it may be, but in any case beautiful, with its gracefully curving tentacles, or branches, "and the general contour suggestive of the Hogarthian line of beauty;" while here also lies motionless the rosy-armed star-fish, ready to mutilate itself as soon as it is touched by a rude hand. Here swims the lovely sea-mouse, one of the most gorgeous of marine animals,—whose charms even Science herself could not withstand, and so named the pretty creature Aphrodite—with its "bristles green, yellow, and orange, blue, purple, and scarlet,—all the hues of Iris play upon them with the changing light, and shine with a metallic effulgence;" and there the transparent prawn, with its huge eyes, and long legs, leaps, as leaps a grasshopper on the green. In this other pool the sea-hare, rashly trod upon, turns the water into blood; while in that, the echinus, spiny sea-urchin, reposes; and yonder, in the sand, terebella, wonderful "potter" as he is called, rears his dwelling with a compactness defying human hands to imitate. And evidence of the marvellous boring of the pholas lies scattered about in many a stone, and if we step down to yonder rock we may even observe him at his work.

These and hundreds of other things may be seen during our holiday down by the sea, if we place ourselves under the practical guidance of such an accurate and conscientious observer, and genial and gossipy narrator as Mr. Harper.

Mr. Harper, though a popular writer, is no mere compiler. Avoiding as much as possible scientific terminology, he yet observes with all the patience and accuracy of a scientific man. In the book now before us, and which has just been issued,* Mr. Harper has furnished us with some new and astonishing facts about that much-vexed question the exuviation of crustacea. Hitherto it appears to have been the general belief that crabs cast their shells annually, until such time as they had attained their full growth, when the process of exuviation stopped. Goldsmith, following a much more intelligent and accurate naturalist than himself, Reamur, describes the crab as swelling to an unusual extent, and first bursting the shell "at its junctures between the body and the tail;" the animal then "disengages itself of every part, one after the other, each part of the joints bursting longitudinally." The process is further described as so violent and painful as to cause death in many instances. Various other authors of note adopt much the same views, not only regarding the annual casting-off of the shell, but also as to the painfulness of the operation, and the piecemeal character of the exuviation. In the book now under our notice, Mr. Harper, who has had the good fortune to witness several cases of exuviation, satisfactorily shows that naturalists are quite wrong in asserting such facts, in an absolute way at least. In the cases which came under his observation, the operation was neither violent nor of a piecemeal character, and it occurred in the same specimen not once a year, but five times in the course of six months. The author thus describes the process of exuviation:—

"I observed that his [the crab's] shell had just opened near the tail. . . . The operation did not extend beyond five minutes, and was carried on by gentle, and at first almost imperceptible degrees. The shell, or carapace, was slowly raised over the back, and gave one the idea of the rear view of a lawyer's white wig when tilted over his brow, thus exposing the natural black hair on the occiput below; for, as the body of the animal came forth, it was very dark in colour, while the old case assumed a whitish hue. I need hardly say, the leg-sheaths of the crab did not split open, and yet the corresponding limbs were drawn out with the greatest ease. Moreover, they did not appear in view one by

one, but in a cluster, as it were, and packed close to the bent body of the crab. During the entire process the animal appeared to use scarcely any exertion whatever, certainly not half so much as any human being would exhibit in throwing off the most trifling garment. In fact the crab seemed to swell painlessly, and gently roll or glide out in a kind of ball. Until it had completely escaped from its old shell, I was somewhat puzzled to guess what shape it would eventually assume. The eyes and antennae, so soon as they left their old sheaths, commenced, together with the flabellae, to work as usual, although as yet they were still inside the exuvium. This circumstance was distinctly visible by looking through the side of the half-cast shell. It was a curious and extraordinary sight to see the eyes gradually lose their brilliancy, and exhibit the filmy lack-lustre appearance of death, while the act of exuviation was being accomplished."

With reference to the frequency of exuviation, Mr. Harper writes:—

"I feel justified in stating, confidently, that the moult of the crab (in its comparatively youthful state, at all events) takes place not only once, but many times during each year of its existence. My specimens may, perhaps, be considered exceptions to the general rule, but the facts I relate cannot by any possibility admit of doubt. The cast-off shells lie before me as I write. Here is a set of three belonging to the same animal, exhibiting with marvellous exactness the gradual development of a broken claw. In the first, the member appears very diminutive; in the second it is nearly twice its former size, and in the third it has advanced to its natural form and bulk. To my regret, I cannot state the exact period that elapsed between each successive moult; but I am confident that the two were cast in the course of a very few months. . . . The next series of specimens, five in number, possess even still greater interest than the first examples. They were produced by a youthful *C. maenas*, at the following consecutive intervals:—The first moult took place on 11th April, 1858; the second on the 22nd May following, the third on July 3rd, the fourth on the 30th of August, and the fifth on the 26th of September of the same year; so that between the first and second period of exuviation there was an interval of forty-one days; between the second and third forty-two days elapsed; between the third and fourth fifty-eight days; but, singular to state, between the fourth and fifth moult only twenty-seven days intervened. My first impression was, that as the creature grew older, its shell would be renewed less frequently, and the dates of the sloughings seemed to support this idea until the fourth moult. It had occurred to me that perhaps the operation might be accelerated by the amount of diet which the crab consumed. In order to test this, I fed the animal carefully every day, as though he were a prize beast about to be exhibited at some Christmas show. Nothing loath, he ate of everything that was placed before him with a gusto that would have done credit to an alderman. The result was that the shell was renewed in less than half the time that elapsed between the preceding moults. These interesting investigations, which had been conducted thus far so satisfactorily, were suddenly brought to a close by the death of my protégé."

It is astonishing that the discovery of such interesting facts—for interesting they must be, even should subsequent investigation prove them to be exceptional,—should have been left to an enthusiastic amateur. When witnessing the process of exuviation on another occasion, it occurred to Mr. Harper that it would be a matter of great consequence if he could arrest the process, "while it was yet only half completed, in order that others also might be enabled to witness the marvellous act of exuviation." He accordingly lifted the crab out of the tank where it was, and dropped it into a quantity of spirits, thus causing its immediate death, while as yet only half of the animal protruded from the shell.

The specimen "shows at a glance the increase that instantaneously takes place in the size of the crab after the act of exuviation is performed, the portion exuded being on a scale considerably larger than the old covering, which, however, is capacious enough to hold that half of the animal that had not effected its deliverance at the moment when the novel arrestment was so unceremoniously served. The fourth and fifth pair of legs are free, while the eyes and antennae are also drawn out of their sheaths. The *chela*, or large claws, being still undetached, serve to bind the crab to its old integument, and thus enable the act of exuviation, or one phase of it at least, to be distinctly apparent."

In connection with pholades, and their boring, Mr. Harper has also some interesting and original observations to make, which we have not space to discuss, but which may not be unworthy of the attention of naturalists. The Montagu-sucker fish, not hitherto supposed to be a *habitat* of the Firth of Forth, Mr. Harper asserts he has found often there; and the admirable delineation from nature of a specimen the author had in his possession, seems to tally well with those furnished by Donovan and Yarrell. Altogether the book is one calculated for thoughtful students of marine zoology as well as for pleasure-seekers by the seashore, though the author's loose gossipy style in some parts hardly does justice to the manifest exactness of his observations.

THE WEATHER DURING THE MONTH OF JULY.

(By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., Royal Observatory, Greenwich.)

THE state of the weather since I wrote to you at the end of June, and published in your number for July 7, has been very unseasonable up to the present time, August 24th. I will, however, confine my remarks to the weather in July, and next week will furnish you an account for August.

Till the 15th day no rain fell, but during the remainder of the month it fell nearly on every day, and on one day, the 28th, to an amount exceeding one inch. The temperature was always low, and this degree of cold was experienced from what quarter soever the wind blew. The sky was almost always cloudy.

The numbers in the second column of the following Table shows the highest reading of a thermometer in the shade at the height of 4 feet above the soil daily. If these readings be compared with 74°, which is the average highest temperature for July, the deficiency of high day temperature will be at once seen.

Those in the third, the minimum temperature every night, whose average value is 53½°; and if each reading be compared with this value, the deficiency of night temperature will be evident.

The numbers in the fifth column show the mean temperature for each day, and those in the next column the deficiency of temperature day by day. It will be at once observed that on five days only did the temperature attain its average value, viz., on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 15th and 17th; on all other days it was below, and generally to large amounts.

* *Glimpses of Ocean Life; or, Rock-Pools and the Lessons they teach.* By John Harper. London: T. Nelson & Sons.

The following Table exhibits this, with other particulars:—

Meteorological Table for July, 1860.

Day.	TEMPERATURE.		Range in Day.	Mean Temp.	Departure from average.	Temp. of Dew Point.	Degree of Humidity.	WIND.		RAINF.
	Highest.	Lowest.						Direction.	Amount of horizontal movement of air each day.	
1	70.0	49.5	20.5	55.7	-5.8	51.7	85	N.W.	151	0.00
2	71.9	53.7	18.2	61.9	+0.5	54.3	75	N.N.W.	143	0.00
3	70.8	55.1	15.7	61.7	+0.3	53.5	74	N.N.W.	140	0.00
4	72.5	51.4	21.1	61.7	+0.2	55.8	78	N.	141	0.00
5	73.3	41.6	31.7	56.3	-5.3	50.4	83	N.	188	0.00
6	68.8	53.0	15.8	57.2	-4.5	52.0	87	N.	159	0.00
7	69.0	44.5	24.5	55.1	-6.7	52.0	89	N.E.	114	0.00
8	71.6	44.6	27.0	54.8	-6.9	49.3	83	N.E.	183	0.00
9	69.0	50.6	18.4	56.8	-4.7	50.8	83	N.E.	148	0.00
10	69.0	49.3	19.7	53.9	-7.6	49.1	83	N.E.	103	0.00
11	71.5	51.3	20.2	59.5	-2.1	53.9	82	N.E.	89	0.03
12	73.9	49.5	24.5	57.9	-3.8	54.8	91	E.	106	0.00
13	73.3	48.7	24.6	58.2	-3.6	54.1	86	S.	155	0.00
14	74.3	52.5	21.8	60.4	-1.3	55.9	87	S.W.	223	0.00
15	73.8	55.8	18.0	62.7	+1.0	58.1	85	S.W.	165	0.00
16	64.0	55.5	8.5	58.4	-3.3	56.7	95	S.W.	74	0.39
17	75.0	55.5	19.5	62.3	+0.6	55.5	80	S.W.	183	0.00
18	72.0	50.2	21.8	58.1	-3.6	52.6	83	S.W.	191	0.00
19	69.2	52.7	16.5	57.4	-4.3	52.7	88	S.S.W.	271	0.25
20	72.0	53.0	19.0	58.9	-2.7	53.1	83	S.S.W.	298	0.16
21	67.2	50.5	16.7	55.6	-5.9	51.7	90	S.S.W.	242	0.03
22	69.5	50.7	18.8	58.5	-3.0	52.2	79	W.	283	0.15
23	62.5	47.8	14.7	53.8	-7.7	53.0	98	S.W.	274	0.38
24	64.2	47.5	16.7	54.4	-7.3	49.6	84	N.W.	307	0.02
25	62.7	47.7	15.0	53.6	-8.2	45.5	74	N.	123	0.00
26	65.1	42.8	22.3	54.8	-7.3	49.7	70	N.W.	190	0.00
27	69.5	49.9	19.6	57.5	-4.8	51.3	81	S.W.	152	0.00
28	67.0	51.8	15.2	56.4	-6.1	52.7	90	S.W.	142	0.25
29	71.2	51.7	19.5	57.5	-5.0	52.7	88	N.	181	1.06
30	68.0	51.7	16.3	56.9	-5.6	48.4	75	N.E.	146	0.01
31	64.6	51.1	13.5	57.3	-5.2	50.8	78	W.S.W.	144	0.00

The sign + denotes above, and the sign - below the average.

In the degree of humidity, saturation is represented by 100.

The mean high day temperature for the month was 69°·2, being 5° nearly too low.

The mean low night temperature was 50°·1, being 3½° too low.

The average daily range of temperature was 19°, instead of 20½°.

The mean temperature of the month was 57°·6, being 4½° too low.

The degree of humidity was 83; its average is 76.

Rain fell on ten days to the amount of 2·9 inches: the fall from January 1 is 18½ inches, exceeding the average by about 5 inches.

Both days and nights were cold, and we must go back to 1841 for such cold days in July, and still further back for nights of so low a degree of temperature.

The mean temperature of the month was nearly the same in the years 1841, 1821, and 1817, and in 1816 it was lower.

The temperature of the dew point was 52½°,—its average value is 54° nearly; so that it was 1½° below its ordinary value for this month; and, therefore, there has been less water in the air, in the visible shape of vapour, than usual. In fact, the dryness of the air at times, under such continuous bad weather, has been remarkable, and has exercised a beneficial effect on the grain crops, by the quick evaporation on the cessation of rain. No great damage has yet been done where the corn has not been beaten down by heavy rain, and this peculiarity of considerable dryness in the air continues up to the present time, August 24.

TO LAUGH OR TO CRY?

I.

WHEN Creepily preaches, long and loud,
Of his affection for the crowd,
And swears that wicked laws, not Fate,
Have made the people desolate,—
And that a party weighs them down,
Foe both of people and the crown;
Then to that very party sues
For loaves and fish and dead men's shoes,
With fawning smile, or steady lie;—
Shall we laugh or shall we cry?

II.

When Snivel draws, exhorts, and prays,
And pities much men's evil ways,
Or deals in affirmations strong,
That Snivel's clock was never wrong,
That other lights are pale and dim,
And that all virtue dwells with him;
Then lies, drinks, swindles, and what not,
Nor for th' offences cares a jot,
If he can keep them snug and sly;—
Shall we laugh or shall we cry?

THE UNITED STATES CENSUS.—The returns of the United States census for 1860 are not yet completed; but so far as they have been made up, they show a great increase in population. The public will be surprised to learn such an increase as to make the population of the United States almost equal to, if it do not exceed, that of Great Britain! Taking the Pennsylvanian returns as the basis for a calculation, there is a free population of 28,000,000 in the Great Republic. The lower, and more probable calculation, however, is 27,500,000 free population, and 4,000,000 of slave population,—total 31,500,000.

DISSENT AT A PREMIUM.—The author of "A Thunderbolt for Rome," has recently built what is called a "Primitive Methodist" chapel at Bushey, in which a plasterer "supplies" the pulpit, as their phrase is, and is only occasionally relieved of the duty by an ex-policeman. But the crown of profanation seems to be reached by the following fanatical inscription largely cut in stone over the entrance:—

"Wher God makes up his last account,
Of holy children in his mount;
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one brought up and nourished here."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM AUGUST 16TH TO AUGUST 23RD.

- A Handbook of Mottoes borne by the Nobility, Gentry, Cities, Public Companies, &c. By C. N. Elvin. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 6s. Bell & Daldy.
- The Ultimate Principles of Religious Liberty. 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Ward & Co.
- Railway Library, Vol. 209. 2s. Routledge.
- Stook's (T. F.) Sermons at St. Ann's, Highgate. 12mo. 6s. Hamilton & Co.
- Wilson's (W. C.) Child's First Tales. 18mo. (two parts, each 1s.) 2s. Hamilton & Co.
- The Graduated Series of Reading Lesson Book. Book the Second. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Longman.
- Ibbotson's (H. Walter) The Legal Prompter. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Longman.
- Twisden's (Rev. John F.) Elementary Example in Practical Mechanics. 8vo. cloth. 12s. Longman.
- Morehead's (Charles) Clinical Researches in Disease in India. Second Edit. 8vo. cloth. 41. 1s. Longman.
- Whyte's (Rev. A.) Duty of Prayer. Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Griffin & Co.
- Cobbett's (William) Rural Rides. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Griffin & Co.
- Plain Words about Sickness. By a Doctor's Wife. 12mo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Seeley.
- A Smaller History of Rome. By Wm. Smith, LL.D. Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Walton Maberly.
- Forbe's (Duncan) History of Chess. 8vo. 15s. Allen.
- Antiquities of Ethnology of South Africa. By W. Bollaert. 8vo. cloth. 15s. Trübner.
- Fractures of Bones Occurring in Gun-Shot Injuries. By Dr. Louis Soemmering. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Trübner.
- Fradersdorff, Arnold, and Browne's, English and Greek Lexicon. Second Edition. 8vo. cloth. 41. 1s. Rivington.
- The Works of John Angell James. Vol. IV. Addressed to Young Women. Cr. 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Hamilton.
- Le Trésor National. By V. De Fiva. Second Edition. 12mo. bds. 2s. 6d. Lockwood.
- Key to ditto. 12mo. 2s. Lockwood.
- Selby's Events to be Remembered. Fine paper. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Lockwood.
- School Edition of ditto. 12mo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Lockwood.
- Songs of the Soul. Third Edition. 12mo. cloth. 6s. Lockwood.
- Rivers (Thomas). The Orchard House. Eighth Edition. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 3s. 6d. Longman.
- Swedenborg's (Emanuel), Heaven and Hell. 8vo. cloth. 5s. Longman.
- Raverty (Captain), The Gulshan-i-Roh; being Selections, Prose and Poetical, in the Pushto, or Afghan Language. 4to. cloth. 42. 2s. Longman.
- Greek Sentence and Extract from Xenophon. 12mo. Third edition. 3s. Whittaker.
- Raverty (Captain), A Grammar of the Pushto, Pushto, or Afghan Language. Second edition. 4to. cloth. 41. 1s. Longman.
- The Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb. New edition. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 6s. Morton.
- Captain Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages and Travels. New edition. Royal 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d. Moxon.
- Goethe's Faust, translated into English Prose. By A. Hayward, Esq. Seventh edition. Fcap. 8vo., cloth. 4s. Moxon.
- Wortable's (Rev. J.) Religion in the East. Post 8vo., cloth. 7s. 6d. Nisbet & Co.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CORREGGIO'S ECCE HOMO, the long-sought Replica of the National Gallery Picture, which the most eminent judges pronounce the finest painting in this country, is ON VIEW, from Ten till Nine (Admission, 6d.), at GARDNER'S GALLERY, 119, Oxford-street.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 120, Pall Mall.—The Seventh Annual Exhibition of Pictures, the contributions of ARTISTS of the FRENCH and FLEMISH SCHOOLS, including Henrietta Browne's Great Picture of "The Sisters of Mercy," is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d. Open from Nine till Six daily.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE of the FINDING of the SAVIOUR in the TEMPLE, commenced in Jerusalem in July, 1854, is NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

MADLE. ROSA BONHEUR'S PICTURES of "SCENES IN SCOTLAND," and "SPAIN AND FRANCE," are NOW ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN.—LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF MR. ALFRED MELLON'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Band and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, Miss Parepa and Mr. Wilby Cooper every evening. RIFLE VOLUNTEER NIGHT—MONDAY. On MONDAY next, August 27th, the Concert will be under the distinguished patronage of the officers and members of several of the Metropolitan Rifle Volunteer Corps. The Programme will include a New Volunteer Song, "Let every Man join Heart and Soul," composed for this occasion by Alfred Mellon, and sung by Mr. Wilby Cooper, 38th Middlesex (Artist's Corps) V. R. C.; the New Rifle Galop, &c., &c. Conductor—Alfred Mellon, 38th Middlesex (Artist's Corps) V. R. C. Promenade, One Shilling; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s.; Boxes (to hold four persons), 41. 11s. 6d. No charge for booking places. Commence at Eight.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE, Leicester Square.—Lessee, Mr. E. T. SMITH.—Cirque Imperial.—Increased success of the New Company, and crowded houses.—The scenes in the Arena comprise the talent of all nations, by the following Artists, who will appear every Evening: Mdles. Josephine, Clementine, and Fanny Monette; Messieurs the Brothers Berri, Christoff, Nevill, Les Freres Daniels, Luigi, Romeo; Clowns: Harry Croustet, Tom Matthews, Dan Castello, and Mons. Oriel. Box-office open from Ten till Four. Doors open at half-past Seven, commence at Eight. Morning Performance every Wednesday and Saturday, at Two.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY.—The admission to these Gardens on Saturdays will be REDUCED TO SIXPENCE each person, during the months of AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, and OCTOBER.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S HISTORICAL GALLERY, at the Bazaar, BAKER STREET.—Continuation of Early English Kings from the Conqueror. KING STEPHEN, grandson of the Conqueror, in the quaint costume of the period 1135. Kings recently added—Henry I., William Rufus, William the Conqueror and his Queen, studied from old English manuscripts.—Admittance, ONE SHILLING, EXTRA ROOM, SIXPENCE. Open from Eleven till Ten at Night.

ROYAL COLOSSEUM OF SCIENCE, MUSIC, AND ART.—OPEN DAILY, from Twelve to Half-past Four, and from Seven to Half-past Ten. Admission, ONE SHILLING; Children under Ten, and Schools, SIXPENCE. GRAND DIORAMAS of PARIS, LISBON, and LONDON, Swiss Cottages and Mountain Torrents, Conservatories and Stalactite Caverns, &c.

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THE STEREOGRAMA.—This highly-interesting EXHIBITION, by GRIEVE & TELBIN,—the only novelty in London,—commences daily at 12.—Admission, 1s. Family Tickets, 5s., to admit six. At Mitchell's, Bond-street; Sam's, St. James's-street; and Keith & Prowse's, Cheapside. Carriage entrance, King's-road, Cremorne.

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The Bonuses declared have been unusually large, and amount in some cases to a return of four-fifths of the premium paid.
No charges whatever are made beyond the premium.
For those who desire to provide for themselves in old age, sums may be assured payable on attaining a given age, as 50, 55, or 60, or at death, if it occur previously.
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The Tables of Rates here given are of necessity very limited, but every information will be readily afforded on application.
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The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest offices in the kingdom.

At the annual meeting of the 10th inst., the following highly satisfactory results were shown:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Notwithstanding the large accessions of business made annually through a long series of years, which obviously increase the difficulty of further advances, yet the Fire Premiums of the year 1859 rise above those of the preceding year, by a larger sum than has been obtained by the increase of any single year since the formation of the Company, excepting the year 1853; evidencing an advance of 50 per cent. in three years. To this circumstance must be attributed the gratifying announcement that the accounts for the year show a profit of £42,488 3s. 4d.

The following figures exhibit the progress of the whole Fire Branch, running over the last ten years:—

	Total Premium Received.	Increase of the Year above each preceding one.
1850.....	£44,027 10 0	£9,557 19 8
1851.....	52,673 5 11	8,645 15 11
1852.....	76,925 4 2	24,251 18 3
1853.....	112,564 4 4	35,639 0 2
1854.....	128,459 11 4	15,895 7 0
1855.....	130,060 11 11	1,601 0 7
1856.....	151,733 9 6	21,672 17 7
1857.....	175,049 4 8	23,315 15 2
1858.....	196,148 2 6	21,098 17 10
1859.....	228,314 7 3	32,166 4 9

LIFE BUSINESS.

The Directors desire to call the especial attention of the Proprietors to the statements of the Life Branch of the establishment.

The Actuary's Report on this subject has been accompanied by an appendix, containing the fullest particulars of the investigation made, and is illustrated by two coloured diagrams, which make plain to the unprofessional eye the mortality experienced by the Royal, as indicated by curved lines, which contrast most favourably with the former averages of mortality, also displayed on the diagrams.

It is expected that these elucidations will attract a deep and profitable attention to the subject of Life Assurance in the minds of tens of thousands who have hitherto given no heed to its principles and advantages, and it is evident that this Company, as well as others, will not fail to reap much of the favourable consequences to be anticipated.

The Bonus apportioned to the assured with participation amounts to £2 per cent. per annum, to be added to the original sum assured of every participating Policy effected previously to the 1st of January, 1858, for each entire year that it had been in existence since the last appropriation of Bonus thereon, and is one of the largest Bonuses ever declared.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary to London Board.

NOTICE OF TRANSFER.—Notice is hereby given, that the business of the **SCHOOLMASTERS' AND GENERAL MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY** has been transferred to the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE TRUST AND ANNUITY INSTITUTION**, of Lothbury, in the City of London; and that all claims in respect of Assurances effected with the said Schoolmasters' Society will be paid and discharged by the Directors of the Church of England Assurance Company.—By order,

WILLIAM EMMENS, Manager.
Church of England Assurance Office, Lothbury, London.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE INSTITUTION.

Head Office,—5, Lothbury, London.
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WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.—The INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS of the Session 1860-61, will be delivered by Mr. POWER, on MONDAY, 1st OCTOBER, at EIGHT P.M., and after the address a **CONFERENTIA** will be held in the Board Room.
LECTURES.—Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy, Mr. Holt; Practical Anatomy, Mr. Heath and Mr. Gray. Dental Surgery, Mr. Cleudon. Chemistry, Dr. Marcet, F.R.S. Surgery, Mr. Barnard Holt and Mr. Brooke, M.A., F.R.S. Physiology and Physiological Anatomy, Mr. Power. Medicine, Dr. Basham. Botany, M. Syme, F.L.S. Comparative Anatomy and Zoology, Mr. Power. Natural Philosophy, Mr. Brooke, M.A., F.R.S. Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Dr. Radcliffe. Forensic Medicine, Dr. Fincham and Dr. Reynolds. Practical Chemistry, Dr. Marcet, F.R.S. Midwifery, Dr. Frederic Bird.
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SEYMOUR CLARKE, General Manager.
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